

# THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

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## A FEW WORDS ABOUT MOSS.

A correspondent writes to inform us that, in his amiable opinion, THE DIAL no longer gives "the time o' day," and "is getting moss-grown." By way of specification, he adduces certain recent "reactionary defences of some of our crumbling inheritances,—a Constitution framed for a social condition no longer actual; an education which wastes years on irrelevant matters, a chaotic spelling which does not represent the phonetic values of our speech to-day." At one point in his charge, our correspondent is decidedly astray. As regards the metaphorical "moss" indicated by this bill of particulars, we must avow that it is no recent growth, but is at least as hoary as our thirty odd years of existence. Our opinions upon these three subjects have been expressed during all that period with unswerving fidelity to our convictions. Stripped of their question-begging qualifications, the animadversions cited become very harmless indeed. We hold the federal constitution in reverence because we realize that for a century and a third it has given stability to our national life and continuity to our history, and the virtue by which these things have been achieved is precisely that it was *not* framed for any fleeting social condition, but upon such broad lines of principle that it provides a polity no less fitted to the needs of one hundred millions of people than it was to the three millions who first put it into operation.

By the irrelevant matters on which our correspondent thinks years of education are wasted, he probably means the language disciplines and the humanistic studies described by such terms as the classics, literature, and history. At least, that is what people of his mental habit usually mean when they employ such language. Now we have always stood for these studies as the only ones really relevant to education in its deeper meaning, and have stigmatized as the most consummate folly the attempt to displace them by what are thoughtlessly called "practical" subjects. If to do this is to be muscous, we welcome the aspersion. A writer in "The Nation" from Los Angeles tells us that the schools in that city have become so modern as to acquire a deficit of half a million dollars, while

"distinguished, self-made men tell children how to become educated without studying," and "the Teachers' Institute meets at Christmas-tide to talk about social obligation and brotherly love and sneer at intellectual effort and attainment." There is nothing moss-grown about that. In a more elevated strain, we may quote from a recent address by Mr. Paul Elmer More, who says: "The classics have pretty well gone, and if we study them at all it is as if they were dead languages, useful it may be as a gymnastic discipline for the mind, but with little or no sense that they contain a body of human experience and tried wisdom by which we may still guide our steps as we stumble upon the dark ways of this earth." Quotations of this sort might, of course, be multiplied indefinitely, for everybody who has ever written anything worth saying on the vital subject of education has paid a similar tribute to the value of the classics, and in subscribing to this opinion we find ourselves in the very best of intellectual company.

As for the orthodox spelling, our position on that subject has been so frequently expressed as to need no restatement now. Our correspondent dislikes the spelling because it "does not represent the phonetic values of our speech to-day." But suppose we made it represent them, would it do so fifty years from now? Or shall we keep on reforming it at stated intervals, so that the palaeographer of the future may be able to refer any page of English print to the decade of its origin by a study of its orthographical vagaries? It required centuries of effort to standardize our spelling, but the thing was finally done sometime in the eighteenth century, and ever since then we have had the immense advantage of possessing a corpus of printed literature varying but slightly from the standard, and all intelligible without difficulty to every reader of to-day's newspaper. This is a boon not lightly to be scorned, and certainly not to be rejected for any of the petty reasons suggested by apologists for the new phonetic heterodoxy.

Our correspondent describes himself as "impatient of that futile iconoclasm of conservatism which pettishly condemns every new image which is tried in the vacant niches of our depopulated Pantheon." This is turning the tables with a vengeance! We had not thought to be classed with the iconoclasts for defending the old established ways, and insisting upon the value of the fruits of experience. To the motto, "Whatever was, is wrong," which seems to be the watchword of the host that commits violent

assault upon the old politics and the old ideals, we much prefer the Pauline injunction: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." In any given case, the chances are at least nine out of ten that the old way is the better one, and no reform that does not accept the principle of *festina lente* is likely to accomplish anything in the way of real progress. The most plausible suggestion, once put into operation, is sure to bring unanticipated evils in its train, and its actual working is incalculable in advance. For the sentimental gain immediately offered there is more than likely to be bartered some very solid good the loss of which will prove irremediable. It was with a sense of these truths that Ruskin, whom most of our reformers-in-a-hurry would claim for their own, described himself as "a violent illiberal," and refused to accept the preposterous proposition that the new thing must be good just because it is new and untried.

Quite the most ominous characteristic of our unsettled modern thought is its apparent readiness to cast off all the political, social, and ethical moorings that hold it in its hard-won haven, and to steer an uncharted course into the unknown. It is the duty of every sober lover of his kind to counsel prudence in all such reckless departures, and to offer the teachings of history as a counterbalance to the speculative visions of the theorist and doctrinaire. The *Zeitgeist* is now, as perhaps never before, obsessed by nightmares, and needs to be restored to the normal condition of waking mental activity. Criticism in the broadest sense — criticism not of art alone, but of life — is the crying need of the time, for its searching light alone can dispel the mists that obscure our thinking and people with Brocken spectres our groping upward path. It is above all things else for the open mind that we plead — not for the mind that admits light through a few cracks only — and especially for the mind that is opened wide on the side of the past, with its accumulated wisdom for our guidance, and which respects, because of the immense weight of its authority, the present institutions and ideals into which the thought of that past has become crystallized. On the other hand, the querulously intolerant type of mind represented by the correspondent from whom we have quoted, seems to us quite impotent to contribute anything of value to the advancement of the race. Its fundamental postulate is a denial of sincerity to the mind that is not in agreement with its ill-considered conclusions, and upon that basis no real threshing-out of the questions that perplex the modern world is possible.

## CASUAL COMMENT.

A NOTABLE TRIBUTE TO AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN was that paid to Professor John Bach McMaster in Philadelphia on November 22. To commemorate the completion of his thirty years' work in writing his "History of the People of the United States" a testimonial dinner was given to Dr. McMaster in the great hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania by eminent men of Philadelphia, New York, and other places. The guests included Presidents and leading professors of Yale, University of Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, University of Michigan, Columbia, and many colleges. There were present railroad presidents and directors, Governors of States, United States Senators, magazine editors including the editors of "The Atlantic Monthly" and "The Review of Reviews," famous military leaders, economists, ambassadors, judges, publishers, historians, biographers, novelists, poets, lawyers, preachers, and physicians. The toastmaster was Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Addresses were made by Dean West of Princeton, Provost Smith of the University of Pennsylvania, Ex-Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, Professor Max Farrand of Yale, Dr. Albert Shaw of "The Review of Reviews," Professor McGuckin of the College of the City of New York, Dr. Talcott Williams of Columbia, and Professor McMaster. Cordial letters of congratulation came from many countries. Ex-President Roosevelt wrote that he was taking McMaster's final volume to South America. Mr. George Otto Trevelyan wrote from England: "I have turned my third quarter of a century. It is sad to know that I shall never visit Philadelphia. Professor McMaster is indeed fortunate in being entertained on such an occasion in a city so devoted to historical inquiry and so rarely acquainted with everything that relates to its own famous past. To the generosity with which Philadelphia imparts the results of that knowledge to others I have for many years owed a large debt of gratitude. The sentiment with which Professor McMaster's readers regard the completion of his invaluable work is one of genuine admiration of the warmest character." Guglielmo Ferrero wrote from Turin expressing his gratification at the realization of the importance of the social mission of the historian. Brooks Adams, George W. Cable, Joseph H. Choate, W. L. Grant of Queen's University, Ontario, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, Chancellor Kirtland of Vanderbilt, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, Professor McLaughlin of the University of Chicago, Professor Marcks of Munich, James Schouler, James Ford Rhodes, Professor Stephens of the University of California, President Thwing of Western Reserve University, and the Ambassadors Thomas Nelson Page, Walter H. Page, and Henry van Dyke were among the hundreds of prominent men sending hearty letters of congratulation to Dr. McMaster and of admiration for his work.

THE TRANSLATOR'S OPPORTUNITY to do what might almost be called creative work in interpreting a foreign author has been perceived and grasped by a few gifted writers. An exact reproduction of the effect of the original is manifestly impossible, and a slavishly literal rendering, except in scientific or technical literature, is about the last expedient to be resorted to for the conveying of that effect. This being the case, adaptation, more or less free, but not by any means lawless, remains the only method available for adequate interpretation of a foreign poem or drama or other work of the imagination. In this connection, the name of Edward Fitzgerald naturally comes to mind as that of a highly gifted adapter or reshaper of other men's productions. His famous quatrains from the Persian are perhaps indefensibly free in their variations from the original, but the incontestable fact remains that no other rendering of the Rubáiyát has been offered that can compare with his in poetic charm. And his versions from Calderon are scarcely less remarkable for their easy flow and their entire freedom from the stiffness of ordinary translation. Mr. William Poel, writing in "The Contemporary Review" on "Poetry in Drama," gives high praise to these Calderon pieces of Fitzgerald's as being suitable for actual production on the stage, and contrasts them with the scholarly verse translations of Professor Gilbert Murray from the Greek tragic poets, which, he says, "do not act well," since they fail to reach the height of tragic poetry and afford insufficient scope for vocal flexibility. "Decorous but dull," he calls them. Fitzgerald, too, it should not be forgotten, did good work in turning Greek tragedy, notably the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, into English verse. Coleridge's adaptation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" is another instance of the advantages, for acting purposes, of free rather than literal translation, and Mr. Poel does not omit to cite it. In a humbler walk of literature, Mrs. Wister's long series of unusually popular renderings of German fiction offers a remarkable example of what a translator's genius can effect in reshaping material not too promising in itself. Though the Italian proverb, *traduttore, traditore*, warns one of the pitfalls yawning at the translator's feet, they can be avoided and are avoided by the translator with a real gift for his work.

THE VALUE OF GREEK STUDIES is not perceived or acknowledged by many men immersed in the cares and perplexities of modern business. All the more remarkable, therefore, is the recognition of their utility as well as charm on the part of Mr. S. S. McClure in his noteworthy autobiography now appearing in the magazine bearing his name. A more strenuous struggle for a college education has seldom been witnessed than that of this determined Irish-American lad at Knox College (of which he is now a trustee) in the old days before the time-honored classical course had fallen into its present



neglect. "This course," writes Mr. McClure in the December instalment of his life-story, "still seems to me the soundest preparation for a young man, and I still feel that Greek was the most important of my studies. During the years that he reads and studies Greek a boy gets certain standards that he uses all the rest of his life, long after he has forgotten grammar and vocabulary. I enjoyed Greek and mathematics more than any other subjects I took at college, and Homer more than anything else we read in Greek. After I began Homer, I used always to give four hours to the preparation of the next day's lesson, my best hours, too—from six to ten in the evening. I looked forward to those hours all day." Moving and at times intensely pathetic is the story of the young student's undiminished passion for learning in the desolate period when a fireless room, a diet of frozen bread, a hopeless attachment to a professor's daughter (who finally became his wife), and other items of dreariness and discouragement combined to test his pluck and endurance to the utmost. Not since Mr. Riis issued his "Making of an American" have we had so stirring an account of marked achievement under the most forbidding of conditions.

REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN LIBRARIAN contributed recently to the entertainment of those who read the Peoria "Herald-Transcript." Nearly half a century ago—forty-eight years, to be exact—Mr. E. S. Willcox, leaving his position as teacher in Knox College because of the drain on the student body caused by the Civil War, removed to Peoria and at once became interested in the library affairs of that city. A small subscription library was functioning rather feebly, with a collection of two thousand volumes and under a directorate not alive to the possibilities of the institution. Mr. Willcox, with other progressive spirits, procured the removal of the old board and the voting-in of themselves instead. In 1872 he drafted a Free Library Bill and was successful in having it passed by the State legislature; and its wise provisions are still in force. Stimulated by this success, Mr. Willcox and his fellow-directors started a campaign for a new library building, achieved their purpose, and after a few years found still another change of quarters desirable. Then in 1897, an advantageous sale of this property being effected, the present library building in Monroe Street was erected on land granted for the purpose by the city; and there it is probable that Mr. Willcox will finish out his term of conspicuously useful service to his community—his term as librarian, we mean, for that office he has held twenty-two years, with a constant and rapid growth in the library's activities, as evidenced in part by the opening of a branch library in Lincoln Park and the promise of another in the northern section of the city.

A WELL OF ENGLISH NOT ALWAYS UNDEFILED is the daily newspaper press of English-speaking countries. A compliment, comparable with that paid

by Spenser to Chaucer, is just now being quoted with self-complacency by the newspapers from the reported remarks of an Iowa State College professor. "With all its faults," avows the Iowan, "I still believe in the news style as the most efficient style of this modern day for presenting information through the written word. It has been hammered out in the heat and stress of newspaper work to meet the demands of millions for something to compel their attention, interest them, and give them information in the quickest, clearest way. . . . The news sense, the ability to see what is new, and its new meaning to the great world of humanity, is necessary to men in every field of endeavor, but especially to men who write." No less an authority than Mr. H. G. Wells, with his well-known passion for the new and his depreciatory estimate of the old, has been heard to declare, if memory errs not, that journalism deserves to be ranked very high, perhaps in the highest class, among the different forms of literature. All honor to those that have helped to dignify the profession of journalism; but not yet will it be universally conceded that the highest function of literature is to "compel attention," to startle, to "see what is new" and therefore too often ephemeral and of trivial import; and undoubtedly the Iowa professor would assent to this. As a contributor, however, of an element of crispness, raciness, breeziness, and often of admirable picturesqueness to English style, the American journalist does render a service not to be despised, and his British cousin is now not far behind him in this particular.

A NEGLECTED ART, that of reading aloud, has already been the subject of comment in these columns, and is likely to receive further attention from time to time in the future. In a recent talk to the Teachers' Club of Philadelphia, Provost Edgar F. Smith of the University of Pennsylvania complained that students of to-day do not know how to read aloud intelligibly and agreeably. "It is a deplorable fact," he affirmed, "that we have many students in the university who are unable to read a page from a textbook aloud to the class and read it correctly." He might with truth have added that there are many professors as well as students who lack the art of accurate and effective interpretation of the printed page. Curiously enough, the decline in this one of the formerly indispensable "three R's" seems to date its beginning with the discontinuance of the teaching of the alphabet in the old-fashioned way, and the relaxation of severity in the matter of spelling. Perhaps our best readers-aloud—the compound must be pardoned since no simpler term presents itself—are still to be found among those whose education was acquired in the little red schoolhouse, whose advantages comparatively few of the present generation of infants can ever hope to enjoy. It may be, furthermore, that the great increase of reading matter in modern times has discouraged the practice of reading aloud, so slow is that process compared



with the silent skimming of book after book. But there is a time to skim and a time to read slowly. This we ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone. . . .

A CERTAIN DEFECT IN THE MANNERS OF LITERARY FOLK has been remarked over and over again, but will probably never be remedied. It is, indeed, a defect noticeable in others beside the men and women of the pen; but it is in those who write much and rapidly that the fault is commonly most pronounced. A former Harvard professor of the history of art, whom just now one feels especially tempted to quote with considerable frequency and freedom, used to say that "a plain handwriting is a part of good manners," and one of his old pupils recalls the assiduity with which he devoted himself to the imitating of his instructor's beautifully legible style, as a first step toward acquiring some of his fine culture. Another Harvard celebrity of the past who wrote a hand of exceptional clearness was John Fiske, whose term of useful service as assistant librarian is pleasantly recalled, in connection with the passing of Gore Hall, by a writer in the Boston "Transcript." He says, in the course of his reminiscences: "His very manuscript itself was a thing of beauty, and must have delighted the compositors who had to struggle with the librarian's scraps and scrawls. Mr. Fiske wrote the round, clear, open style which he said he inherited from his English ancestry of clerks, or clerks, and so perfect was his first draft that he rarely rewrote a page." Not all of us are born artists, even in handwriting; but unless one is physically crippled, one ought to be able to write in such a manner as not to encourage in others a resort to impolite language. . . .

BOOK-SELECTION FOR PUBLIC LIBRARIES is not the least important or least difficult part of public library work. Some libraries make their selections largely through a book-committee formed of several members of the directing board; others throw the burden chiefly on the librarian; others invite the public itself to take as active a part as may be in this branch of the library's functions; and nearly all are glad to receive intelligent suggestions from those for whose benefit all the book-purchases are or should be made. At Manitowoc, Wisconsin, as the latest report of its librarian explains, "the purchase of books is under the direct supervision of the board, the books being divided into classes, and to each member of the board there is assigned one or more of these classes. In that way the different kinds of books in the library are kept well balanced, no one kind being shown favoritism." This plan of making the whole board of directors a book-committee, each member specializing in one or more classes of literature, is certainly somewhat unusual, and has other considerations beside novelty in its favor. Noticeable also in the government of the Manitowoc library is the exact balancing of male and female members on its board; and (a minor detail, it is

true) in the list of "officers" we find, at the bottom, not a janitor, but a janitress. It hardly needs to be added that the librarian, as well as the assistants, is a woman. Evidently the rights of women are respected in Manitowoc. . . .

THE WORK OF A MASTER PRINTER may attain an importance approximating that of a prince of publishers. Indeed, the printer was the publisher in early times, and the two industries are still more or less closely allied. The recent death of J. Stearns Cushing, founder of the Norwood (Mass.) printing house of J. S. Cushing & Co., brings to its close a long term of remarkably productive and successful activity in the manufacture of books. The firm name, on the reverse of so many title-pages, is familiar to thousands of readers, who will now feel some interest in the history of the head of that firm. From the age of fourteen Cushing was engaged, first as compositor and later in a less humble capacity, in the printing business. After working some years for the University Press at Cambridge and in other printing establishments, he began, in 1878, with a few hundred dollars' capital, to do printing in his own name, making a specialty of textbooks and providing himself with fonts of type in Greek, Hebrew, Assyrian, and other alphabets, and in the symbols used in mathematics. These fonts were of widely recognized excellence, and spread his fame as a printer over the country and even beyond its borders. The great establishment at Norwood is the significant monument to his ability and honorable success as a printer. Honors of another sort also came to him, as the command of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the commodoreship of the Winthrop Club, a seat in the Governor's Council, and a high place in the order of Masons. . . .

THE STORY TELLER'S VADE MECUM, a book for all who find themselves called upon, from time to time, to furnish oral entertainment for importunate and insatiable young folk in those eager "believing years" that should be made the most of while they last, is furnished in Miss Helene A. Guerber's "Book of the Epic," a compact collection of the world's chief romantic tales that have been immortalized in epic form. Miss Guerber tells these stories again in simple prose, condensing considerably, but leaving the kernel intact in its nutshell of abbreviated narrative. A score or more of the great epics are given in some detail, with frequent quotations in verse, and many others are less elaborately outlined. Where not exactly suited to the age of one's listeners, Miss Guerber's versions can easily be modified by a skilful story-teller and thus made acceptable to young hearers of whatsoever age or mental equipment. Thus the "Ramayana" and the "Mahabharata," and the Japanese epic of "The White Aster," and perhaps also the Persian "Shah-Nameh," may be presented in attractive form to children by an expert and sympathetic narrator. Material for the story-hour that so many public libra-

ries now make it their business to conduct, is ever in demand, and the demand increases year by year. Hence the propriety of calling especial attention to Miss Guerber's thesaurus of story-telling matter collected from a wide range of approved sources.

FIRST STEPS TO THE ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE are not seldom the most difficult, for it is the first step that costs, as the French maintain. A little familiarity with the equipment of a public library is the beginning of useful learning; and yet how few there are, comparatively, who seem equal to the effort of acquiring that familiarity. "That an 'educated' person of to-day," says Mr. Edward F. Stevens, Librarian at Pratt Institute, "should find himself helpless in the presence of a modern library equipment so that his sole confidence in making his approach lies in his dependence on the help of a library assistant, is as pitiful as it is inexcusable. To see an able-bodied person of undoubted mental powers feebly standing about while an overworked librarian dances attendance upon him in a matter of commonplace inquiry, is neither unusual nor inspiring." Mr. Stevens then tells some of the things the library and the library school attached to the Institute are doing to make library-users more self-dependent. One public lecture, if the "educated" citizens would only attend it, ought to give them all the information needed to relieve them of the necessity of standing feebly about while an overworked librarian thumbs the encyclopædia or consults the card-catalogue for them. It is to be hoped that the time will come, before many decades, when it will be as humiliating to confess inability to use a public library's resources with intelligence as it now is to acknowledge one's helplessness in the presence of a dictionary or a time-table.

THE RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION LIBRARY has issued its first Bulletin, wherein is set forth the history of the library's formation, with an account of its present resources, its methods, its generous policy toward all who may be interested in its special department of literature, and some intimation of what it hopes to accomplish in the future. Four charitable associations of New York have united in establishing this library, which starts with the advantage of ample and suitable quarters in the new building of the Russell Sage Foundation, at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-second Street, and already has about ten thousand bound volumes and fifteen thousand pamphlets, with two hundred and fifty periodicals on its subscription list. The library's purpose is to make itself as nearly complete as possible in publications relating to charity and social work, including a great number of related and subsidiary topics, and to extend its privileges and courtesies to all applicants. Already it has 878 registered users, and a yearly circulation of more than thirty thousand volumes. Bulletins will be issued bi-monthly, and they will give much attention

to the bibliography of those subjects in which the library specializes.

THE TATTERDEMATION OF THE PRINTING PRESS is, of course, preëminently the daily newspaper, being in its texture nothing but pulverized wood fibre, and subject to speedy disintegration from atmospheric causes even when handled with the extreme care which it never receives. In the current yearly Report of the Pratt Institute Free Library occurs a significant paragraph under the heading, "Rag in Paper or Papers in Rags," from which we learn (or are reminded) that "the Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle' has earned the distinction of being the first daily newspaper in America to print an edition on paper containing a considerable proportion of rag for purposes of preservation in public libraries." With the beginning of the present year the Pratt Institute Library has procured this special edition "in monthly consignments for immediate binding," and it deplors the failure of the other great dailies to pay similar regard to the needs of future historians and other students engaged in research requiring much consultation of old files of newspapers. At present the "Eagle" seems assured of an enviable future preëminence of which other journals could easily win a part for themselves.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE OLD ACADEMIC SPIRIT AND THE NEW.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Is not the paragraph regarding "a vanishing type of scholarship" in your latest number a bit pessimistic, — like the lament of the aged Nestor: "Such men I never saw nor shall I see again!" In a way, of course, each generation produces its own type of scholarship, which does its work and is succeeded by a better, which does a better work. Only a few years ago the chemist was able to know practically the whole field of chemistry: just as in the Middle Ages, Roger Bacon, known as the doctor admirabilis, was acquainted with everything then worth knowing. Now, the field of chemistry is so enormous that often one "element"—carbon, for example—offers room enough for a dozen specialists, each working separately.

No man in the wide world could be found capable of acting as a college president and at the same time of teaching one subject satisfactorily. The college president, even in the smaller institutions, is mainly a business-manager; he is a living trolley meant to conduct some of the electricity from the great overhead system of finance so as to run the machinery which he has in charge. If we could turn backward the wheels of progress and restore the conditions that prevailed fifty or seventy-five years ago, there would be found among the multitude of university and college professors, now engaged in their specialized work, just as many such men to do the individual work as Child, Lowell, Gray, Gurney, Longfellow, Lane, Torrey, Goodwin, and Pierce. And, *per contra*, if those men were living now, they would have to meet the demands of the present in accordance with modern methods, or fail. They prob-

ably would meet them; and, by doing so, they would make their reputation in a different way. Lowell's somewhat slipshod scholarship as well as his appeal to a very limited band of scholars, and Norton's views as to the vulgarity of American life and scenery, would have to be greatly modified to satisfy the hopeful and inspiringly optimistic attitude which one may find, for instance (to go to an almost absurd extreme), in the struggles of Cubism to break away from the academic and to open the eyes of the world to the vibrations of color.

The academic spirit is the dry-rot of Education; and while there is undoubtedly too much of it still prevalent in most of our Eastern colleges, still the clouds are breaking. Such books as Professor Jones's expositions of the marvels of modern chemistry and Professor Morgan's "Heredity and Sex" are in line with the awakening of Idealism all over the country, as shown by the growing interest in poetry. These new movements may be crude; but they have vital powers, and they are influencing the higher institutions of learning in spite of the pessimistic head-shakings of the old fogies. I predict that there will soon come a renaissance of interest in the classic languages. Professor Goodwin's knowledge of Greek was undoubtedly extraordinary, but my recollection of his teaching it is one of the most melancholy of my intellectual life. If Greek, instead of being forced upon immature minds, were kept for a special season of mental maturity, a man of even mediocre ability could read all of Greek literature in a few months, and his acquisition would be a treasure of enormous pleasure and profit. Even more is this true of Latin. Both languages are out of place, as taught at present. We want to ring out the old, ring in the new.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

*Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., Dec. 6, 1913.*

#### SLOVENLY ENGLISH IN POPULAR BOOKS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

When correspondence courses in various phases of English can be had for only twenty dollars apiece, surely a usage free from errors of grammar should not be beyond the attainment of anyone who aspires to see his name on the title-page of a book. And yet present-day American books of travel and other informative literature do not measure up to such a standard. A reader of such books soon ceases to be shocked by slips in grammar. As to any higher requirement than mere grammatical correctness, one dare not apply it. Many a book issues from the presses so vulgarly slipshod that a moderately sensitive reader is offended on almost every page by poverty of vocabulary, ignorance of sentence forms, failures in clearness, false placing of emphasis. If the authors of such publications are too far advanced in life to profit from instruction in high school English classes, they should engage the teacher of English in a neighboring high school to revise the manuscript for the press. These teachers would feel perfectly at home, since the task would be similar to their daily grind in the correcting of student themes. Their remuneration should be very slight, for the wretched English we have to read is a stigma upon their own reputations. With all the millions of themes written, criticized, and rewritten by millions of students in our high schools and colleges, why is it that in simple clearness we fall so far behind such writers as Bunyan,

Defoe, and Franklin? And where is the conscience of the publishers of such books? Does a monetary profit atone for the absence of all literary fineness, all distinction of tone, all sense for style? We might do better if half our writers of popular books of information would go into training and become revisers for the other half!

O. D. WANNAMAKER.

*Auburn, Ala., Dec. 5, 1913.*

#### "YE" AND "AMPERSAND."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

How does it happen that in copying and reading ancient manuscripts we call the character our ancestors meant for "the" by the ridiculous "ye"? They said "the" just as we do, and the only apparent reason for mistaking the character is that two centuries ago the letter "h" was usually written with a tail below the line, and with a razed top, which made it look like our "y." Then the word was so frequently used that it was contracted, just as the word "and" was then treated, and continues to be treated to this day by many of us. When I was a boy, more than eighty years ago, the alphabets in our school books always ended with the "short and." We called it "ampersand," and considered it a fine snapper when we rattled off the alphabet. Sometimes when sufficiently cultured we gave it the full title "and-per-se-and." Now it is likely that our "&" will become obsolete, just as "ye" has become. Then our descendants of the next century or two will be puzzled, perhaps; but I do not think they will be so foolish as to say "ampersand" when reading our manuscripts and coming to the little quirk we meant for "and." Do let us drop saying "ye."

SAMUEL T. PICKARD.

*Amesbury, Mass., Dec. 3, 1913.*

#### A MEMORIAL TO SYDNEY SMITH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I beg the favour of your and your readers' kind consideration of an appeal which several English public men and women (including the Countess of Carlisle, the Secretary to the Board of Trade, the Right Hon. Sydney Buxton, M.P., the Archbishop of York, Viscount Knutsford, and the Hon. Sydney Holland) are issuing, for a suitable memorial to the memory of that great friend of America, the wise and witty Sydney Smith, founder of "The Edinburgh Review," able writer, and philanthropist. He has been described as "the greatest humorist whose jokes have come down to us in an authenticated and unmutated form."

He had an unstinted admiration for your great country, which afforded in his opinion "the most magnificent picture of human happiness" which the world had ever seen.

We hope to commission a good artist for a bas-relief portrait and inscription in the fine old Church of Foston; and we also want to provide a good institute for the twin villages where Sydney Smith lived.

The Committee hopes that you may incline to help us. Subscriptions should be sent to (Canon) W. H. Carr or myself, care The London Joint Stock Bank, York, England, and will be acknowledged formally.

Any help you can give will be gratefully appreciated by the Committee.

ERNEST E. TAYLOR,  
Hon. Secretary.

*Malton, Yorkshire, England, Nov. 28, 1913.*



### The New Books.

#### THE ENGLISH AT THE SOUTH POLE.\*

Curious mixtures of good and evil, wisdom and folly, ability and incompetence, we jog along through this world, making what we can of ourselves and our environment. Then, somewhere in our midst, arises a man who does the things we have vaguely wished to do, and expresses in tangible form the realization of our ideals. It is not, properly speaking, a matter of genius. The man of genius is one who possesses a particular kind of ability in a very high degree, and is, as a rule, anything but representative of the social ideals of his age. He is not necessarily honest or virtuous outside of his particular field of activity. Our debt to genius is enormous, but these intellectual giants are no more to be imitated by us than the physical giants of the dime museum. There is of course every transition between the different types of men, and few if any fall without qualification into a particular category; but we seem to need a new descriptive term for the small but enormously important group of those who represent the gold of the common people without the dross, and thus appeal to that which is in every one of us, awaiting new stimuli to development. Pedagogically, the distinction here indicated is of the greatest importance. What we may become, individually and nationally, depends to a critical degree upon our ideals, and these ideals will never fructify unless they are more or less capable of being realized. Incalculable harm has come from holding up before the young, as worthy of emulation, those who by no means illustrate the normal development of our abilities or desirable social activities. Christianity itself exhibits the classical example of this unhappy confusion. Christ as a miracle-worker, Christ as the Lord of Heaven, is above and beyond us; it is Christ as an illustration of the possibilities inherent to some degree in every man who is the real mainspring of the Christian faith; and the idea that he was an actor playing a part, instead of a man living a man's life, is fatal to the very spirit of the religion he founded, as well as contrary to the obvious historical facts.

We have in the history of the world and of our nation men who, in their day and genera-

tion, realized social ideals, but it is not enough that such men once were great, as were our Lincoln and Washington. It is already difficult to picture them in this environment; and the attempt, while profitable up to a certain point, begins to savor a little of that incongruity which attached to speculations as to what would happen if Christ came to Chicago. It appears to be necessary that each new period should have heroes of its own, belonging to it and characteristic of its particular field of progress.

When we ask ourselves what sort of man the modern hero may be, we realize at once that he may be of many kinds, suiting the diversified civilization in which we live. He must, however, represent his country in its function of helping, not destroying, the prosperity of the rest of the world. If he is engaged in scientific work, he may be said without qualification to do this thing. He must work hard and continuously, paying as close attention to small as to great matters, not seeking to succeed by some sudden spectacular play. He must rise superior to the common vices of his kind,—to commercialism, sensationalism, and the rest. Then, beneath all this, he must be filled with the zeal and love of his fellows which have always marked his kind; and then, as the one thing which enables him to use his powers to the utmost, *he must be without fear*. Such a man may be an example to us, not because we may be like him, but because his virtues are all such as we may cultivate, and can vastly improve by cultivation.

General as our definition is, we have only to attempt to apply it, to see how few men it will absolutely fit. It does, however, entirely fit Captain Scott and his companions who perished on their journey from the South Pole. This fact must answer forever the question "Was it worth while?" Was it worth while, indeed, to vivify and confirm the best ideals of the whole Anglo-Saxon race? Was it worth while to show the whole world that the sacred flame is yet alive, that the mass of degradation which has piled upon us in so many ways has not yet extinguished the basic virtues of mankind? Was it worth while, especially, to show that the best spirit of to-day, which stands for hard work unaccompanied by pomp and circumstance, offers possibilities of achievement second to those of no other age?

The circumstances attending the death of Scott and his fellows appeal strongly to our emotions. Probably very few have read of them unmoved. We cannot help wishing very, very keenly that they had come through alive. Yet,

\*SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION. Arranged by Leonard Huxley. With a preface by Sir Clement R. Markham. In two volumes. Illustrated in color, photogravure, etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

when we consider the whole history of the expedition, and the lives of those men as revealed by the record, it is impossible not to see that the sacrifice is justified.

When we read the whole record, as now published, we get some idea of the vast amount of scientific work accomplished, and the difficulties and dangers overcome in doing it. Unfortunately it is not possible as yet to give any proper abstract of the scientific results, as it will take many months, at least, to go over all the materials collected, and arrange the data obtained. In the meanwhile, the public must believe those who know something of this work, when they say that it will contribute to the understanding of innumerable problems of importance for scientific progress. The second volume describes the various journeys for scientific purposes, other than that to the Pole. The men did not spare themselves in the effort to make the most of their opportunities, and in fact took risks as great in many directions as they did in going to the Pole. Thus the midwinter journey to Cape Crozier, undertaken to obtain the eggs of that singular and primitive bird the Emperor Penguin, certainly justified Captain Scott's remark when the men returned: "But look here, you know, this is the hardest journey that has ever been made." The three men who did this work were Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry-Garrard, the first two afterwards Scott's companions in the final catastrophe on the way from the Pole. As we read the details we see clearly that while every precaution was taken to insure safety, it was really impossible to avoid danger; over and over again circumstances arose which might, had things gone a little wrong, have proved fatal. There was no recklessness, certainly no desire to take any needless risks, but in order to do the work it was necessary to take chances.

On the journey to the Pole the attitude was the same. In his last message to the public, Captain Scott says: "I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate, and that no one in the world would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit in lat.  $85^{\circ}$ - $86^{\circ}$  we had  $20^{\circ}$ ,  $-30^{\circ}$ . On the Barrier in lat.  $82^{\circ}$ , 10,000 feet lower, we had  $-30^{\circ}$  in the day,  $-47^{\circ}$  at night pretty regularly, with continuous head wind during our day marches. It is clear that these circumstances come on very suddenly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause." In the Meteorological Report

by Dr. Simpson (vol. 2, p. 319) attention is called to the continual blizzards experienced by Scott's party, and the comparatively fine weather reported by Amundsen. After a close study of all the data, it is concluded that "one can now say definitely that the blizzards which have been so fateful to British Antarctic exploration are local winds confined to the western half of the Ross Barrier." Thus, as we can now see, the Norwegians not only had the advantage of a base nearer the Pole, but were in a region of better weather. Nevertheless, Scott's party would still have come through alive, but for the sickness which overtook them and the shortage of fuel. The loss of oil through evaporation is explained in the appendix, but it certainly ought to have been possible to guard against it. The oil, however, would still have been sufficient except for the extreme cold and the delay.

In spite of everything, rescue might have been possible if those who went out to meet the returning polar party had been able to go a little farther. On March 10, Cherry-Garrard and Demetri, with dogs, were at One Ton Dépôt, only eleven miles from the place where Scott and his companions perished. Had they been able to proceed for a few days and deposit the two weeks' provisions they had brought, this would have saved the party; but the bad weather and their physical condition made this impossible. On March 10 Captain Scott wrote in his diary: "Yesterday we marched up to the dépôt, Mt. Hooper. Cold comfort. Shortage on our allowance all round. I don't know that anyone is to blame. The dogs which would have been our salvation have evidently failed." Thus the disaster was due to a combination of adverse circumstances, which could not be overcome in spite of every effort; and though we can now see how it might conceivably have been prevented, every man did his very best at the time in the light of such knowledge as was available.

There is absolutely no justification for the suggestion which has been lightly made, that the polar party, after losing priority in the discovery of the Pole, had no heart to do their best. One hesitates even to mention such an idea, and I do not believe it is possible carefully to read the narrative and still entertain it. Naturally and very properly, they desired priority in this matter, but it was by no means their only aim. In October, 1911 (vol. 1, p. 297), Scott wrote: "I don't know what to think of Amundsen's chances. If he gets to the Pole, it must be before we do, as he is bound to travel fast with dogs and pretty certain to start early.

On this account I decided at a very early date to act exactly as I should have done had he not existed. Any attempt to race must have wrecked my plan, *besides which it does not appear the sort of thing one is out for.*" On the whole journey, the scientific end was kept in view; and even during the difficult march down the glacier, Dr. Wilson studied and sketched the geology, while very important collections of fossils were made, which will throw a flood of light on former conditions in the south, and have an important bearing on general problems of evolution. These fossils were dragged, in spite of every hardship, to the last camp.

The volumes are abundantly and beautifully illustrated, principally by drawings by Dr. E. A. Wilson and photographs by Mr. H. G. Ponting. Mr. Leonard Huxley, who arranged the materials, seems to have done his work well, and the type and paper leave nothing to be desired. A few small misprints or errors in copying should be corrected; thus in vol. 1, p. 418, "shipped" should apparently be "slipped," and on p. 417, line 9, "last" should be "hot," as the facsimile of Scott's letter plainly shows.

After a time, especially when a good abstract of the scientific results can be added, a smaller, single volume should be published, giving the account of the polar journey and a brief discussion of the other work. No doubt this will be done; but, in the meanwhile, the two-volume edition will have a wide circulation, and thanks to the public libraries, will be available to thousands who could not afford to purchase so large a work. Parents and teachers should make themselves familiar with the facts, and the story should be told to successive generations of young people for many years to come.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

#### MODERN IDEAS ON STAGE SETTING.\*

Those who wish to be up to date in the arts have a busy time nowadays, especially those devoted to the drama. Every season brings its new excitements. The drama is one of the most ancient of the arts, but it appears just now to attach less value than any other to the achievements of the days of old. Even the art of

\*THE NEW SPIRIT IN DRAMA AND ART. By Huntly Carter. Illustrated in color, etc. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

TOWARDS A NEW THEATRE. Forty Designs for Stage Scenes, with Critical Notes by the Inventor. By Edward Gordon Craig. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

MAX REINHARDT. Von Siegfried Jacobsohn. Illustrated. Berlin: Erich Reiss Verlag.

painting is less perturbed. Fiction, which rivals the stage and the picture in the popular mind, is staid in comparison.

So far as the drama is concerned, we in America, as a rule, get only the echoes of the great things being done. If we have a drama and dramatic ideas of our own, they take but a slight place in the minds of cultivated people when compared with the sensations we get from abroad. American playwrights have produced many plays which have been extremely popular in America and elsewhere. Some, indeed, have produced plays singularly characteristic; few dramatists in the world have produced anything as typical of the society in which they live as Mr. George W. Cohan. But in the main, recent excitements have come from abroad. Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Rostand, Bernard Shaw and Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory,— we have nobody who fills such a place in the eyes of the world as any of these.

Not merely is this so in the writing of plays, but in the setting of them also. The present is a time of immense activity abroad in dramatic productions,—in the minds of many, the producer seems more important than the poet. These activities are little known among us. "Everyman" and Shakespeare without scenery we appreciated; "Sumurun" and "The Yellow Jacket" also pleased, as they say; the Russian Ballet and "The Blue Bird" are even now received with warm welcome. We have heard of Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt. But the connection of all these,—what they have to do with each other, how any of them is different from any other dramatic sensation,—is something that few of us know or care anything about. We in America are, on the whole, well content with the realistic stage. Mr. Belasco is our ideal. We do not, in theory, attach much importance to the matter of stage setting.

Yet one can see that importance may be attached to it. The Shakespearean performance without scenery showed us how different we are from the Elizabethans. We cannot enjoy a drama without setting. "The Yellow Jacket" was an exotic: amusing, and to many more than amusing, but not something that stimulated one to follow. Absolute imagination will not do for us. But a little thought shows that a realistic presentation, whether of Shakespeare or of anything else, can never be the best that art can do, partly because the better it is the less imaginative is it; and partly because however good it is, it can never be more than moderately realistic,



never really real. However far we go with real water and real trees and so on, there must always be so much convention on the stage that there might as well be more,—if there be anything to be gained by it.

The bare Shakespearean stage has been a challenge to the theatre of to-day.

"The best in this kind are but shadows," said the good-natured Theseus, as he looked at the clumsy attempts at realism of the Athenian clowns, "and the worst are no worse if the imagination amend them."

"It must be your imagination, then," said the impatient Hippolyta, "and not theirs."

How stir the imagination of the audience? Shakespeare did it with poetry and rhetoric, and his actors helped him out with elocution and gesture. But we prefer our poetry and our rhetoric in books, and elocution and gesture we incline to leave to the politician. What can the stage give us? Realism, it was thought; and so we still think in America.

But elsewhere they think differently. How to suggest the spirit of the play, how to make the art of the theatre really an art, how to make the drama truly a thing of the theatre,—those questions interest people abroad. To state what they have done and what they hope to do was the purpose of Mr. Huntly Carter in the tour among continental cities in which he gathered material for his book. He wanted to observe and to study the new spirit in the drama (which to him, apparently, was most active on the material side), to generalize or get by intuition the secret of the movement. I am sorry that I must begin by being disagreeable, and saying that he does not seem very successful in his latter effort. Many will be pleased at his material who will by no means think he has been successful in analyzing or in expressing the spirit which gives it life. Owing, perhaps, to my not knowing enough to start with, I find it impossible to see what he has seen in the things he tells us of. His evidences are still chaotic in my mind. One better acquainted with such matters, or perhaps more sensitively attuned to their novel rhythms, will do better. The book is almost a journalistic summary of what the author observed upon his brief trip. Yet even so, there is much in it that will be very interesting; certainly there is much in the way of picture and plan, fact and reference, that it would be very hard for one to get at otherwise. And to have done so much is no slight task; while to generalize on such material is still more difficult. No one has yet done it satisfactorily. There are productions of the new

movement all over Europe, but no common aim is obvious. I utterly disbelieve that all are aiming at Rhythm, as Mr. Huntly Carter appears to think; but what they are aiming at is by no means clear. Some are trying for one thing, some for another. Reinhardt, Gordon Craig, Bakst,—to mention a few,—agree in one thing: they are not realistic. But otherwise it would be hard to find much in common, for instance, in Reinhardt's production of Gorki's "*Nachtsyl*," Bakst's "*Scheherazade*," and Gordon Craig's drawings for "*Macbeth*." All are entirely artistic, without doubt; but each seems intent on working out ideas of his own. We may doubtless see this much, that all three aim at significance in their settings. And herein lies the importance for the drama of these matters, which might otherwise seem rather material. As the tendency of all this theatrical movement is from realism to significance, so has been the tendency of the drama. Ibsen, the great dramatic influence of modern times, is wrongly understood if he be thought to be realistic; his whole tendency is toward significance. His plays, plots, characters, words, all stand for something. So this theatrical movement is in the same direction, Mr. Carter would say; in fact, it precedes the dramatic. As the drama is really a matter of the theatre, the change in the theatre is a change in the drama.

Mr. Carter presents a mass of material on this subject containing much that will be new to almost anybody. Of the many subjects he deals with, two at least are worth saying more about,—namely the work of Max Reinhardt and of Gordon Craig. People may easily find out for themselves something about these two: a while ago we called attention to the latter's book, "*On the Art of the Theatre*," in which he propounded his theories; this was followed by the present work, "*Towards a New Theatre*," which gives some ideas as to how he would carry out his ideas.

Gordon Craig differs from Max Reinhardt in one important respect. Max Reinhardt has for some time been able to carry out his own ideas. He has been a regular producer of plays for a long time; and while he has an abundance of ideas on that subject he does not go beyond it. Mr. Craig, too, has been producing plays, but only that he might learn how to produce; his real idea has been to express himself, not to realize the impressions of others. Since Reinhardt became his own master, as we may say, he has produced over a hundred plays as different as Gorki's "*Nachtsyl*" is from Oscar Wilde's

"Salome." But he has always had one principle in mind, and that principle is the same that is of importance to Mr. Craig, namely, the idea that stage setting is to strive against naturalism,—that it is to be decorative rather than realistic,—that one is to use color, light, machinery, all the resources of modern art, in expressing the idea. Add to this the feeling that the piece for the theatre is for the theatre, and not a matter of philosophy, morals, or anything else but the theatre, and you will see that there will be something in common between the settings of Max Reinhardt and the sketches of Gordon Craig. I wish there were something in English about Reinhardt that one could refer to. The book by Jacobsohn will be of interest; but it appears to me to be too largely an account of details and not enough a presentation of aims and purposes. Perhaps in Germany those matters are so commonly understood that one can take them for granted.

Gordon Craig is of more interest to us because we can study some, at least, of his work at first hand in the collection before us. His fundamental idea differs from that of Max Reinhardt, in that it is, if one may say so, more fundamental. Reinhardt believes that one should present plays in a certain way; Mr. Craig believes that presentation of plays is but a part of the artistic process which should conceive, express, present, in the theatre as in the other arts. Mr. Craig, therefore, is the more radical, the more far-reaching of the two. Nothing he has yet done is a full carrying out of his idea. He has had to handle other men's ideas in his own way. The real thing he wanted to do was to handle his own ideas in his own way. His plan is not that scenery, lights, costumes should be used in such and such a way to present the thought, language, characters of Shakespeare or somebody else, but that scenery, light, costume, as well as thought, language, poetry, should be the means whereby the artist of the theatre sought to express himself.

Such an idea cannot come to expression nearly so easily as an idea like that of Max Reinhardt, which limits itself to production rather than creation. It is said, however, that a plan has finally been formed whereby real advance will be made. In the London "Times," some time last February, announcement was made that Lord Howard de Walden had provided the funds necessary to start Mr. Craig's School for the Art of the Theatre. This school is not in London, but in the Arena Goldoni in Florence, one of the most beautiful open-air

theatres in the world. I have heard nothing of the project since last summer, but I mention it to show that this book of Mr. Craig's is a sort of exhibit of what he has been able to do before he was able to do what he actually wanted to.

The first impression of Mr. Craig's forty plates will, save to the fully initiated, be very confusing. But when you have become used to the style, and have mentally put together those that are but suggestions of theatrical possibility, for instance, and those that are scenes of plays actually presented and so on, you will begin to feel more at home. Note the sketches for the scenes in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth": they would not serve as models for a stage manager, perhaps, but they are easily understood. Then look at some of the scenes or settings never realized: "Henry V.," "Hamlet" (in the frontispiece), "Dido and Æneas." Here the artist is freer, perhaps less bound by the thought of another, more clearly bent upon rendering some sort of impression or sensation. Then look at some mere suggestions: "Enter the Army," "The Steps," "Study for Movement." When you are used to the manner you will readily catch the general idea, at least.

Such things will undoubtedly be mere fancies to many, if not crazy visions. Many who glance at them may not have the patience to look at them long enough to see what they are about. But to me they are of an immense value, far greater than that of the photographs of the actual settings of Max Reinhardt in Mr. Jacobsohn's book. I will not pretend to have always a good idea of their purport or always to like them. I often fail to get Mr. Craig's idea, or else do not sympathize with it when I do get it. But if I do not always appreciate the plates themselves, I believe I do appreciate their spirit; and that is something so valuable that were it possible it would be well worth while to work over the things one did not understand till one did understand them, and to study the things one did not like till one did like them. Get a mind like Mr. Craig's full of a fine idea, and it is something worth having. Do not fancy that his work for the stage is connected with this kind of scenery or that, with this kind of costume or dancing, or some other. He will use any of such things or all of them, whatever be the right things, for the carrying out of whatever idea he may have in mind for artistic expression. His main idea is to present a motive by means of the theatre, which means by whatever resources the theatre may possess:

poetry, music, acting, dancing, scenery, light, costume, and whatever else there may be.

And it would be a mistake to imagine that these things concern only the theatrical manager, or the actor, or the person who goes to see plays. If you understand them thoroughly (not through such transmissions as have preceded), you will find them the most influential ideas in the study of the drama that you have ever known. Read a play of Shakespeare's and imagine that you have the chance to devise a setting for it. Do not be disturbed because you could not possibly do so; go right ahead. Think first what it would be to devise a setting archæologically correct; then try to devise a setting that will truly present the spirit of the play. Never mind if you have no idea how to design: the main thing is that you should first appreciate the spirit of the play. Read a play of Ibsen's and ask yourself how you will set it. Will you try to present the miserable family of a Norwegian roué or the ill-assorted marriage of some high-spirited woman? Or will it be something larger, something more significant, in the history of humanity? In some such way, I fancy, may one see that all these experiments on stage settings are illuminating even to one who studies the drama as literature. For even if literature, certainly the drama is theatrical literature. Whatever else they may be, the plays of Shakespeare are plays,—not poems, or novels, or essays. And if one wants to understand a play one must do at least something to realize it as a play. So Shakespeare did, and so Ibsen and the rest; and so must we if we would know them.

EDWARD E. HALE.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AMERICAN SINGER.\*

The volume of reminiscences by Clara Louise Kellogg takes us back to an epoch in singing and stagecraft which seems to have definitely closed, for the time being at least; with small indication that its purposes and ideals will ever find such revival as the more potent manifestations of art are sure to evoke. The *coloratura* singer and the melodramatic opera are no doubt still with us, but our admiration and enjoyment are subject to an undercurrent of influence which emanates from the strenuous teachings of Wagner and his compeers. Nevertheless, there is many a good word which may truthfully be said in

\*MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA. By Clara Louise Kellogg (Mme. Strakosch). Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

favor of the *bel canto*, the dazzling Italian opera of the florid school, and the singers who were made illustrious by these outbursts of the musical spirit. Clara Louise Kellogg ranks with the best *coloratura* singers of history, and she had many elements of high character which were often lacking in other representatives of the school to which she belonged. She had exceptional understanding of the numerous operatic roles in which she appeared; she had education and refinement; she had acquaintance with the great worlds of art and literature and mankind; she came to her task unspoiled by a too solicitous induction into conventions and traditions which are fetters and disturbers until so mastered as to become useful servitors and assistants; and she brought to whatever she did her native spirit of generosity and courage and cultured intuitiveness. In consequence, her book abounds in appreciations of high interest, in a remarkably just apprehension of her own work and art, and in a wealth of suggestions which the singers of to-day will find it desirable to heed and obey. The general impression derived from the volume is therefore wholesome, enlightening, and even inspiring.

Clara Louise Kellogg was born at Sumterville, South Carolina, of Northern parentage. The family soon moved to Derby, Connecticut, where her earlier years were spent. Of her negro nurse she tells the following story:

"She used to hold me in her arms and rock me back and forth, and, as she rocked, she sang; I don't know the name of the song she crooned, but I still know the melody, and have an impression that the words were:

'Hey Jim along, Jim along Josy;  
Hey Jim along, Jim along Joe.'

She used to sing these two lines over and over, so that I slept and waked to them; and my first musical efforts, when I was just ten months old, were to try to sing this ditty in imitation of my negro mammy. When my mother first heard me, she became apprehensive, yet I kept at it; and by the time I was a year old, I could sing it so that it was quite recognizable."

The father and mother were musical, and the child was early taught to use her voice. She had the gift of absolute pitch, which afterwards came into useful activity when her artistry was delighting two continents. She tells us that she always heard a melody in the key in which it was written; and as it sometimes happened that the same tune was played or sung in a different key, the consequent discords were distressing to her. She had originally no intention of going on the stage. She says: "All I decided was to make as much as I could of myself and my voice. Many girls I knew studied singing merely as an accomplishment. In fact the girl who aspired



professionally was almost unknown. I studied first under a Frenchman, named Millet, a graduate of the Conservatory of Paris; later I worked with Manzocchi, Rivarde, Errani, and Muzio, who was a great friend of Verdi." Muzio was her especially devoted teacher and adviser, and doubtless from him came the first impulse to go on the stage. Among the singers whom she heard at this time, and who influenced her progress and determination, were the English artist Louisa Pine, and the greatly lauded Piccolomini, who is described as being like the German prima donna, Lucca,—small and dark and decidedly clever in comedy. But the idol of her youthful years was the stately and refined Madame De La Grange, a vocalist and actress of the highly finished French type.

Opera in New York had gone through a number of vicissitudes before Miss Kellogg's debut was made. The early travelling companies had culminated in something like a genuine season of opera under Garcia, whose famous daughter, Malibran, sang in New York before her phenomenal successes in Europe. Lorenzo Da Ponte, the restless and eccentric librettist of some of the Mozart operas, who had come to America to restore his waning fortunes, assisted in the adventure, which was by no means assured of success. Then came the labors of the Strakosches, under whom arose the wonder of Adelina Patti's performances; and later appeared Maretzek, characterized in this book as "the magnificent." Our author adopted the stage only after some reluctance, and her family was never wholly reconciled to her determination. She thus describes her debut, as Gilda in "Rigoletto":

"My mother was with me behind the scenes, and my grandmother was in front to see me in all my stage grandeur. I am afraid I did not care particularly where either of them was. Certainly I had no thought for any one who might be seated out in the Great Beyond on the far side of the footlights. I sang the second act in a dream, unconscious of any audience, hardly conscious of the music or myself, going through it all mechanically, but the subconscious mind had been at work all the time. The newspapers found my appearance peculiar. There was about it 'a marked development of the intellectual at the expense of the physical to which her New England birth may afford a key.' The man who wrote this was quite correct. He had discovered the Puritan behind the stage trappings of Gilda."

Miss Kellogg's first great success was made in Gounod's "Faust." The opera was then new, and her performance constituted its introduction to American audiences. The work itself was at that time considered an extraordinary reversal of the musical conventions. It was

regarded as the beginning of a revolution in opera, so completely were the Italian traditions antagonized in its structure and methods.

"On the other side of the world people were all talking of Gounod's new opera—the one he had sold for only twelve hundred dollars, but which had made a wonderful hit both in Paris and London. It was said to be startlingly new; and Max Maretzek, in despair over the many lukewarm successes we all had, decided to have a look at the score. The opera was 'Faust.'

"With all my pride I was terrified and appalled when the 'Magnificent' came to me, and abruptly told me that I was to create the part of Marguerite in America. This was a large order for a girl of twenty; but I took my courage in both hands and resolved to make America proud of me. I was a pioneer when I undertook Gounod's music, and I had no notion of what to do with it, but my will and ambition were to meet the situation."

The part became one of the best in her repertoire; and it is interesting, even to-day, to read what such critics as George William Curtis said about it. The novelty of the opera and the inspiration of the singer very evidently impressed the listeners. The rapid changes in opinion to-day about the new composers—Debussy, D'Indy, and others—are probably significant and instructive in the same way.

After her decisive American successes, the singer went abroad and appeared in England and Austria and Russia. One may refer again to the generous critic in "Harper's Easy Chair" who followed her triumphant processions and made his witty and appreciative comments thereon, beholding the young American girl in her European surroundings, bringing her art wholly developed on this side of the ocean to the consideration of the old-world connoisseur, who placed it on a par with the best of his own continent. Then followed many ventures in opera and concert; and, finally, the retirement, with honor and hearty recognition everywhere.

A word should be added here concerning the singer's efforts to place opera in English worthily and adequately before the public. For several seasons she was at the head of companies producing the standard works in English; and seems to have made substantial successes, from both the financial and the artistic points of view. Now that the question of opera in English appears to be again before the public, it may be worth while to find out from this book what one has to say who has toiled in that field with reasonable success at a time when the effort was probably more difficult than it is to-day.

This review cannot close without reference to the many passages in the book where the author writes about her own art, always with

singular freedom and admirable insight. These passages, which are scattered liberally throughout her volume, show the bent of her ability, and explain the character of her achievement. Her art had in especial the traits of refinement and intelligence, and her book is full of penetration into the secrets and labors of the singer and the actor. Her generous allusions to her fellows, her hearty humor and glancing wit, her memories of the notables whom she met in many places, all help to make up a book that cannot fail to prove of both profit and interest to its readers. The reproduction of old daguerreotypes and photographs, curious and varied, gives an added attraction to the volume.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

#### INDIA THE CONTRADICTION.\*

Very rarely does a reviewer light upon two volumes so delightfully antithetical as the first and second listed below. In reading them, one looks at India through the eyes of two women who could not have seen and reported more contradictorily if they had come from different planets. Miss Margaret E. Noble was an Irish woman who became a convert of the picturesque Swami Vivekananda and identified herself so effectively with her adopted cause that she was soon known to a multitude of Hindus as Sister Nivedita ("The Dedicated"). Dr. Munson is an American woman who went to India as a medical missionary. Both crossed the seas in a laudably generous spirit of devotion to the hapless millions of mankind. Both grew to love "the land of burning plains and snow-crowned hills and sun-kissed children." And strangely enough, both found, or thought they found, the supreme gift of peace, — Miss Noble in a mystic transcendental, modified Hinduism, Dr. Munson in a practical ministry of healing guided by the spirit of Him who died on the cross.

But what different Indias they saw! For instance, if one considers their respective verdicts on the difficult and insistent problem of native widowhood, it is almost incredible that two intelligent and conscientious women with excellent opportunities for observation should reach conclusions so flatly contradictory as the following:

\*STUDIES FROM AN EASTERN HOME. By Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble). New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

JUNGLE DAYS. By Arley Munson, M.D. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ANGLO-INDIAN STUDIES. By S. M. Mitra. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"And yet, and yet, is there anything like the radiant purity of the widow's plain white cloth? Silk for worship, cotton for daily service — but always white, without a touch of colour. Perhaps its charm lies in its associations. The austere simplicity speaks of the highest only. A heart free to embrace the world, a life all consecrated, a past whose sorrow makes the present full of giving, — these are the secrets that the widow's *sari* tells.

"For it must be understood that this bereavement is regarded in India as a direct call to the religious life. It is the only way in which what is known in Catholic countries as 'a vocation' can come to the Hindu woman. Her life henceforth is to be given to God, not to man; and this idea, coupled with an exaggerated respect for celibacy, gives to the widow, and especially to her who has been a child-widow, a unique position of influence in the household. This feeling of reverence persists long after the sentiments of orthodoxy — admiration for long hours spent in worship and for severe asceticism — have disappeared. Hence it was a modern Hindu, of the school calling itself Reformed, who said to me, 'The most stately garment in India is the white *sari* of the widow.'" — SISTER NIVEDITA.

"The baby is married, often to a man of middle age, and long before her half-grown body is prepared, she is brutally compelled to begin her marital duties, and, when yet in her own childhood, she becomes, at the peril of her fragile life, the mother of a necessarily fragile child.

"If, through overwhelming misfortune, the girl's husband die, her sins in some former existence are supposed to be the cause of his death, and because of this she is an accursed thing. Even though but a babe, and knowing nothing of the dead husband, she is at an early age stripped of all ornament, and put in the coarsest raiment, while her head is shaved close and kept that way. Despised, spat upon, cruelly overworked, starved, beaten, neglected in illness, forsaken even by those nearest of kin to her, the child passes her days in abject terror and despair, until death, usually not long delayed, blessedly releases her." — DR. MUNSON.

Nor is the foregoing in any way an isolated or extreme example, although it occurs in the most quotable form. The antithesis runs through every topic. Thus, the converted Irish woman sees in the native pilgrimages and festivals a genuine groping through the material toward the supreme essence of Divinity, while Dr. Munson sees in them the blind and degrading superstition of benighted ignorance. Sister Nivedita believes that devotional meditation is a form of mind cultivation by which India may come to stand once more in the forefront of the nations, and that there is in Hinduism full sanction for the difficult intellectual transition through which the present generations of both East and West are passing. In her devotion she even shares with the less militant Nationalists the confident hope of a to-morrow when the English will be gone, "leaving an old race to dream once more the sweet dreams of labour

and poetry and beauty, till the net of Maya shall be broken and they be lost in the ocean of beatific vision." Dr. Munson sees a better future for India only in the Christian religion and occidental guidance toward a slow and painful betterment. The contrast is complete, and a reviewer may leave his readers to make their own decisions unburdened by his reflections.

Turning for a moment to the "Studies from an Eastern Home," one may report that it contains not only a number of pages such as would be indicated by the title, but also a concise account of the author's life and several interesting tributes to her devotion and service. The essays are twenty-three in number and present a great diversity of themes, from "The Festival of Ras" to "The Kashmir Shawl." In all of them things are seen, or at any rate depicted, *couleur de rose*, reflecting the moods of a thorough-going convert to a vivified Hinduism. The chapters are uniformly well written and the treatment unhackneyed. To prospective readers, however, it might be suggested that a better starting point for a comprehension of Sister Nivedita's work would be found in "The Web of Indian Life," published some ten years ago. But wherever one starts, one is brought into the presence of an interesting personality, which can be intimately comprehended by few western women and by still fewer western men. Moreover, one will get a glimpse of India through loving and glorifying eyes.

Dr. Munson's book is decidedly above the average "missionary" book in vividness and interest. The chapters on well-known places such as Agra and Benares are far from strong, and might have been omitted without loss; but when the author is dealing with her own daily life and work and observation, the pages are genuinely instructive. For instance, there is a glimpse straight at the heart of India in the story of the mother who had been frightfully bitten by her boy in the final terrible throes of hydrophobia. Dr. Munson begged the woman's friends to let her treat the wound, but they steadfastly refused, saying: "Why should she live? Will there be aught in life for her when her only son is dead?" And there is some little revelation also in the writer's conclusion, "While my professional spirit urged me to save her life, my woman's heart told me they had spoken well." At times one is startled by perfectly obvious errors, such as the intimation that the Jains all show Mongolian descent; but the defects of the book still leave it distinctly worth while.

The third volume on our list represents yet another point of view. The writer is an eminent Hindu lawyer and thinker, who has resided recently in England, and prior to that had spent several years at the great Moslem centre of Hyderabad. His avowed aim is the interpretation of Indian sentiment to the British public for the mutual advantage of England and India; and he impresses one as a clear and vigorous exponent of views honestly held. Naturally a cultured Hindu is still a Hindu, and our author's sympathies are obviously with the aristocracy of his own land rather than with the masses of the people or their rulers from overseas. But his observations and conclusions are none the less valuable when once his point of view has been noted. His large volume contains sixteen papers on such subjects as "The Hindu Drama," "British Statesmanship and Indian Psychology," "Indian Princes," "Industrial Development," and so forth. The least convincing chapters are perhaps those on "Hindu Medicine" and "Christianity in Hinduism." The latter is simply an unsatisfying collection of parallels, more or less superficial, such as can be drawn between any two systems of religion. In the former, Mr. Mitra seems to maintain the superiority of the Hindu Kaviraj to the occidental specialist, and he claims a high level of hygiene at the basis of Hindu life. This chapter makes particularly interesting reading to one who has just risen from Dr. Munson's account of what she found in her medical work from day to day.

For many readers, the most attractive sections will probably be those on "The Moslem-Hindu Entente Cordiale" and "The Indian Unrest." In the former Mr. Mitra claims that the followers of these two religions could go on living peacefully and sanely side by side even if British control were withdrawn. In support of his contention he adduces his own experience as a lawyer representing the moslem government of Hyderabad, and the historical situation under the Mogul emperors when Hindus often rose to political and military eminence. Such a belief of the probable cordiality between the two great faiths is certainly worth considering; but with all deference to Mr. Mitra's authority, the reviewer is unable to accept it as valid. On the topic of Indian unrest, our author largely rejects the conclusions of Sir Valentine Chirol, who holds the Brahmans responsible for most of the discontent and practically all of its violent manifestations. Mr. Mitra denies that the Brahmans are primarily responsible, and comes out point-blank with the charge that "the arrogance of



the low Europeans is the bed rock on which the citadel of sedition is built." "The so-called administrative 'reforms' do not touch the masses, but the low European's kick touches the backs of the masses more than the English higher official classes can conceive." Again, he states: "Unrest is the consequence of racial hatred, arising from the conduct of some members of the dominant race." Obviously this is not an adequate explanation. But it does touch a real grievance, deserving more attention than it has received; and it may be said with confidence that ordinary politeness on the part of all Europeans, not merely on the part of the better Europeans, would go a long way toward lessening the constant irritation. Unfortunately, recent letters from Calcutta make it clear that the evil is not on the wane; and it is high time that the well-meaning British government took more vigorous steps to promote decency of deportment, even in the lowest ranks of incoming Europeans. In any event, Mr. Mitra's complaint is timely, and may do good in this particular connection, just as on the whole the essays that make up these "Anglo-Indian Studies" ought to serve a very useful purpose.

It is difficult to close this notice without including a few paragraphs of a general nature dealing with the larger problems raised by these three divergent volumes; but it has seemed preferable to use our limited space to indicate the more clearly the nature of the books themselves. And after all, it may easily turn out that the contrasts and contradictions we have suggested are in themselves the most significant comment on a number of the important questions that constantly thrust themselves at every intelligent reader who has once turned his eyes toward the most picturesque land in the world.

FRED B. R. HELLEMS.

#### THE POETRY OF ANCIENT IRELAND.\*

Whatever may be thought a generation hence of the plays and poems of the Dublin school of to-day, there will be no doubt as to the permanent value of its scholarly accomplishments. The Celtic revivalists have introduced the English-speaking public to the great mass of their beautiful national legend and poetry which for centuries lay buried in Gaelic manuscripts scattered over Ireland. With an admirable

\*THE POEM-BOOK OF THE GAEL. Translations from Irish Gaelic Poetry into English Prose and Verse. Selected and edited by Eleanor Hull. Chicago: Browne & Howell Co.

combination of exact method in dealing with their difficult material and of reverential zeal for the traditions of their ancestors, they have enthusiastically hunted out, edited, and translated all the important relics of early Irish glory, and by so doing they have enriched the universal store of beauty as well as added pride to an already noble history.

The collection of poems made by Miss Eleanor Hull from the many volumes of work by these student patriots is in one respect the most satisfactory of the numerous similar anthologies published within the last decade, — the range of material represented here is unusually wide and characteristic. There are some fine examples of ancient pagan poetry, and there are a few nearly as lovely old Christian lyrics; there are the nature songs of Ossian and his fellow minstrels, and the historic ballads "of the dark days" in Ireland; there are folk songs, religious and secular, some from the twelfth century and some by our own contemporaries. The volume, in short, deserves its title, — it is really a poem-book expressing from every facet the experiences of the Gael, and his moods.

In an interesting Introduction, the editor tries to define the Irish temper and its varieties. She agrees with nearly all students in the field that as we read ancient Celtic literature we have a feeling of being "hung between two worlds, the seen and the unseen," and that the vividness of the Gael's vision of the unseen always conditions his reading of the actualities about him. All of the best modern work shows this quality quite as clearly as the legends of Deirdre and Fionn and the race of semi-mythical heroes in the older world. Yeats and Synge, — the first at times so involved in his own perceptions that he can scarcely distinguish a color from a thought, the second so sympathetic with the temperament that he is able to represent it in action with its results crowding upon it embarrassingly in a concrete modern environment, — both these poets show all the marks of direct descent from the prehistoric bards. In the anthology before us there is every sign that in the long history outlined here, the continuity of this racial mood has been so complete as to unify one of the most troubled experiences it has ever been a people's fortune to live through.

From the poems in the volume it is difficult to select for quotation, the several examples are all so interesting. It is difficult to decide, for instance, whether the purely pagan poetry of the fairies, — the magic charms easing the pains

of birth and death, the riddling invocations to the great nature powers,—or the thinly Christianized Psalter of Verses and Blessings and Hymns of the Saints, are the more significant of the most primitive phases of Irish belief. Perhaps pagan and Christian suggest after all a false antithesis, representing merely a difference in the vocabulary which deals with the less understood elements in a puzzling universe. A better analysis would divide the poems according to the occasion for their conception,—nature songs, life songs, etc. Of them all, the nature songs are the loveliest and the truest to the race's feeling for the world about it. Here is an example:

"Take my tidings!  
Stags contend;  
Snows descend —  
Summer's end!

"A chill wind raging;  
The sun low keeping,  
Swift to set  
O'er high seas sweeping.

"Dull red the fern;  
Shapes are shadows;  
Wild geese mourn  
O'er misty meadows.

"Keen cold limes  
Each weaker wing.  
Icy times —  
Such I sing!  
Take my tidings!"

The picture here is as objectively defined as that in the middle-English "Sumer is iumen in," except for the one subtle touch of "shapes are shadows," and the interpretation of the wild birds' cries,—the distinguishing marks of the Celtic spirit.

One more fine example of the pagan poetry, from the Poem-Book of Fionn, gives the inevitable Stoicism of the hero in every age, with, again, just the slight difference in accent that is characteristic of the Irish voice.

"Once I was yellow-haired, and ringlets fell  
In clusters round my brow;  
Grizzled and sparse to-night my short grey crop,  
No lustre in it now.

"Better to me the shining locks of youth,  
Or raven's dusky hue,  
Than drear old age, which chilly wisdom brings,  
If what they say be true.

"I only know that as I pass the road,  
No woman looks my way;  
They think my head and heart alike are cold,—  
Yet I have had my day."

WINIFRED SMITH.

## HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS. II.

### BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

New Zealand's wonders, in scenery, flora, fauna, human inhabitants, political and social methods, industrial and commercial development, and general manners and customs, are treated with understanding and with a zealous enthusiasm for his theme by Mr. Paul Gooding in a lavishly illustrated volume entitled "Picturesque New Zealand" (Houghton). With many of the desirable characteristics of sunny Italy and beautiful Switzerland, and also of Utopia and El Dorado, the land depicted in Mr. Gooding's pages is certainly inviting in aspect. Its rainfall is mostly at night, so that the days are sunny, with some exceptions; its climate is salubrious, the annual death rate being less than ten for each thousand inhabitants; and man's traditional inhumanity to man here loses its negative prefix. Wise law-givers have safeguarded the interests of both capital and labor, admirable land-tax and land-settlement regulations are in force, public utilities are owned by the people, old-age insurance makes comfortable the declining years of the poor, and, in short, if the New Zealander has anything to complain of, it must be the very monotony of well-being that it is his lot to enjoy. Such, at any rate, is the impression gained from reading about that favored land, which could hardly be more attractively and interestingly pictured than in Mr. Gooding's notable volume.

Legend and ballad, history and description, anecdote and literary allusion, with a wealth of graceful drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson, go to make up the half-posthumous volume, "Highways and Byways in the Border" (Macmillan), begun by the late Andrew Lang in collaboration with his brother John, and completed by the latter. In fact, the part attributable to the deceased collaborator is doubtless very much less than half, as one gathers from the preface; but his was probably the inspiration that set the work on foot, and we like to see touches of his genius in at least the earlier pages. Whatever the proportion of credit due to each, however, the book is a notable contribution to the lore of the ever-interesting Border which no one in our time has better known and loved than Andrew Lang. One reads with relish, detecting or suspecting the hand of the master (for certainty is of course impossible), such stories as that of the dishonest butler of Billy Castle who "might, indeed, plume himself on his honesty, and say with Verges: 'I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestier than I.'" The abundant drawings, printed with the text, are excellent.

The season's addition to Messrs. Winston's "Photogravure Series" is "French Canada and the St. Lawrence," by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, an interesting historical and descriptive account of one phase of life in the Dominion. Quebec, with its surrounding territory, still remains the stronghold

of all that is typically French-Canadian, and its highly individualized life, wholesome in its rugged simplicity, must be considered, the author maintains, even now under British rule, an enriching element rather than a national problem for the Empire. Following the introductory topographical description and historical data are interpretive chapters on the customs, myths, religion, education, folk-lore, and literature of the French race in Canada. The life of the French *Seigneur*, now a passing type, is contrasted with the equally picturesque existence of the *habitant*, dweller of the woodlands, described as an "industrious, contented, temperate, cheerful, devout, and patriotic man, sure of his Church, sure of Canada, sure of himself, but quite confidently doubtful of matters outside of these lines of thought." French Canada has remained a "country within a country"; its history has been eventful; its scenery is unequalled; and its traditions are being zealously preserved. The numerous illustrations in photogravure add charm and richness to the volume.

The Rhine, the Danube, the Thames, the St. Lawrence, and other rivers have been made the subjects of travel-books pleasing to the reader and useful to the traveller; and now the chief river of France, the Loire, "*le fleuve national*," furnishes Mr. Douglas Goldring with a subject for his handsome volume, "Along France's River of Romance" (McBride), in which personal narrative mingles entertainingly with descriptive and historical notes, all set off by an abundance of excellent drawings and water-color sketches. The artist modestly withholds his name, nor does the title-page even hint that the book is illustrated—a self-restraint that inclines a reviewer to give additional emphasis to his commendation of the well-executed pictures. The Loire's present comparative desolation and unnavigability, its devastating floods and frequent shoals, must be largely due to the deforestation of its water-shed, as might well have been pointed out in the author's descriptive and historical introduction. The course of the river takes one through many interesting places, even though the once numerous *paquebôts* on its surface are now sadly dwindled, and the journey is accomplished less pleasantly than of old.

Mr. Charles Tower considers the romance of the Rhine worn rather threadbare by excessive tourist traffic, and accordingly it is not that river of renown that figures in his book, "Along Germany's River of Romance" (McBride), but its less famous tributary, the Moselle. From Metz, near the French frontier, to Coblenz, at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, he journeys down the picturesque stream, by boat on its waters or by bicycle along its banks, with occasional resort to that earliest and best mode of travel, walking. "The descent to the Rhine," he says, "is of the nature of an anticlimax; or, since it is scarcely sudden enough for that, it may perhaps better be called a heart-breaking staircase from the fairyland of dreams to the prosaic *Alltag* of the counting-house and the universal emporium." Nevertheless the Rhine is the river of poetry and romance,

of story and tradition, even though the lesser stream, as presented in Mr. Tower's pages, does offer much to excite interest and curiosity. Colored plates, half-tones, line drawings, and maps, with brief bibliography and a four-page index, go to make up the book's equipment.

Mr. Horace Kephart, formerly in charge of the Mercantile Library, St. Louis, is the author of a book of mountaineering and exploration, "Our Southern Highlanders," which is very attractively issued by the Outing Publishing Co. Comparatively little is known and still less has been written about the scattered dwellers in the vast mountain region extending nearly seven hundred miles in a south-western direction from Virginia to Alabama. Miss Morley's recent book, "The Carolina Mountains," calls attention to the beauties and the wonders of a part of that region; and Mr. Kephart ably adds to the knowledge thus conveyed by describing in detail his adventures among the hardy mountaineers, their peculiar customs, native dialect, strange diseases, odd humors, family feuds, sturdy independence, and their manner of receiving "furriners," as all outsiders are called by them. Many illustrations, often from photographs taken by the author, accompany the reading matter.

A seven-months' voyage around the Horn in 1845-6 is the subject of a book sure to find favor with those who like to read about old sailing days and old sailing ways. Mrs. Elizabeth Douglas Van Denburgh recounts her girlhood experience in accompanying her father and mother, sister and brother, from Oswego, N. Y., to Honolulu on the occasion of the appointment of her father, Joel Turrill, as Consul-General to the Sandwich Islands. "My Voyage in the U. S. Frigate 'Congress'" is the book's title, and the narrative is in diary form, with the touch of vividness and reality that such a method of writing, while the events are still fresh in the mind, is likely to impart. The long voyage was broken at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, and Lima,—places that the reader is permitted to see through the diarist's eyes; and the rigors of the passage around the Horn are well described. The writer would have done wisely to break up her chronicle into chapters; a certain monotony results from its present arrangement, with no variation even of page-heading, and no sign-posts anywhere to catch the eye. Interesting illustrations are fortunately not lacking, and a cut of the "Congress" herself adorns the cover. (Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.)

To find anything new to say about Japan in these days is difficult if not impossible; but it is always admissible to assume in one's readers a measure of ignorance as to things Japanese. At any rate, to tell of the country and the people as they appeared to the writer is not unlikely to convey some new impressions; and therefore "Japan as I Saw It" (Stokes), by Mr. A. H. Exner, has a certain freshness that will secure it a reading, while its illustrations and other material details are such as to predispose one in its favor. A short preliminary



"History of Nippon," useful but not indispensable in this age of abundant encyclopædias and other reference books, opens the book, and is followed by chapters on Nagasaki, Kioto, Yokohama, Tokio, and other places and subjects of interest, with considerable description of Japanese customs, religion, industries, amusements, and so on. Of the numerous illustrations accompanying the reading matter, some are "colotype plates," others are "engraving illustrations after G. Bigot," and still others, being the majority of all, are "duo-tone illustrations." Beautifully-designed end-leaves and a pleasing cover are also among the book's attractions.

Seeking to describe some of "those places that give England her individuality," Mr. Albert B. Osborne has prepared a volume of promising appearance under the title, "As It Is in England" (McBride), in which he wisely omits London as being "too vast and varied a subject to be combined with any other," and confines himself chiefly to such outlying parts as Cornwall and the Scilly Islands, Sherwood Forest, the Lake district, the Channel Islands, certain cathedral and other towns, and, very briefly, Oxford and Cambridge. His fifteen chapters are accompanied by fine views from photographs. His manner may be illustrated in the following brief excerpt from the chapter on Sherwood Forest: "There was Alan-a-Dale and Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet, and they were brave, and not of a bad sort at heart, but different than you and I will ever know, for while human nature is still the same, yet the laws and customs we call our civilization have wrought upon us a necessary work of suppression and restraint so that we do not manifest our nature in just the same way." The British lion and unicorn fittingly adorn the handsome cover, and a box encloses the book.

The sights of London are many and varied, and are every year increasing in multitude and variety. Consequently an author should have little difficulty in filling a moderate-sized volume on the great metropolis with chapters of a readable and generally informing character. Mr. Henry James Forman's "London: An Intimate Picture" (McBride) is the work of a well-informed and observant sojourner in the city which he calls "the most romantic spot on earth." The lure of London, its atmosphere, its famous Tower, its historic streets, its churches, picture-galleries, and other public buildings, are among the subjects intelligently discussed in successive chapters; and occasional views from photographs help the reader to follow his guide. Incidentally, a perilous state of affairs is thought by the author to be indicated in a national legislature "mildly debating upon Welsh Disestablishment" while "in every street there is poverty and misery stabbing at your heart."

Something out of the ordinary in hunting narratives is offered by Mr. Thomas Martindale, a Nimrod of experience and a writer of interesting books of sport. "Hunting in the Upper Yukon" (Jacobs) describes a trip in quest of big game to the far North

of our continent in the autumn of 1912, and the author's varied and sometimes perilous experiences are set forth in ample detail, but not wearisomely to the reader with a taste for such things. Human beings as well as animals attracted Mr. Martindale's attention throughout his expedition, and therefore the human interest so craved by us all is not lacking in his book. A mountain and a glacier bearing each the name of this intrepid huntsman and explorer are among the scenes pictured in the many illustrations to the volume. One chapter is deservedly devoted to that intrepid mountain-climber, Miss Dora Keen, "the conqueror of Mount Blackburn." Mr. Martindale's style as a narrator is intimate and pleasing, and his book has a very inviting appearance.

History, antiquities, topography, botany, scenery, legends, literary associations, things ancient and things modern, all have a place in Mr. Frederic Lees's "Wanderings on the Italian Riviera" (Little, Brown & Co.), a handsomely-made volume, with the clearest of type and most generous supply of photo-engravings, also a colored frontispiece. Few of the Riviera's winter sojourners have more than a faint knowledge of "the splendid story of the province which gave birth to Columbus, and where the immortal Dante wandered," as Mr. Lees remarks. Accordingly he has given much attention to the history of the region, especially to the valleys of Liguria and the picturesque hill-towns tucked away in the folds of the mountains. Appended notes on the botany of Liguria add to the book's value for naturalists; and it also has a map and a full index.

Mr. George Hamilton Fitch's twin volumes, "The Critic in the Orient" and "The Critic in the Occident" (Paul Elder & Co.), take their titles from the fact that their author brings to the observation of things in the Far East and the Near West the keenness of scrutiny developed by thirty years of book-reviewing for the San Francisco "Chronicle." Having learned how to tear the heart out of a new book and display it for the benefit of hurried newspaper-readers, he is not ill qualified for the task of seizing quickly upon the significant and the striking in scenes of foreign travel. Japan, Hongkong, Canton, Singapore, Manila, cities of India and monuments of Egypt, furnish matter for the first-named of his travel-books; and Europe, from the isles of Greece westward, especially the cities of Rome, Paris, and London, with a brief glance at New York on the homeward journey, provides topics of general interest for the second. Tinted illustrations from photographs abound. Indebtedness is acknowledged to the "Chronicle" for permission to republish these chapters of travel. Like other works from the same publishers, these volumes are distinctive in appearance and artistic in design.

To the literature of the Alps is added Mr. Archibald Campbell Knowles's anecdotal and descriptive volume entitled "Adventures in the Alps" (Jacobs). Though it has not on every page the personal quality

that renders so enjoyable Mr. Frederic Harrison's "My Alpine Jubilee," Sir Leslie Stephen's "The Playground of Europe," and Mr. Whymper's "Serambles Amongst the Alps," it is full of things seen, dangers escaped, and adventures met with, by actual mountain-climbers, including the author himself. Reflections of a serious and often of a religious nature find natural expression in this book dealing with the sublimities of Alpine scenery. Its twelve chapters are furnished with as many half-tone views from photographs, and the whole is instinct with the lure of the mountains.

Travel sketches from the Mediterranean shores of Africa, written at various times in the last half-dozen years, and already, with three exceptions, offered to appreciative readers in a leading periodical, form the contents of Mr. Albert Edwards's anecdotal and descriptive volume on "The Barbary Coast" (Macmillan), in which it is the people themselves, the turbaned and veiled followers of the Prophet, that claim our attention, and usually succeed in winning it. Algiers, the sirocco, the Bedouins, the Arabs, the beggars, the graces and charms of the women—these and like themes successively entertain the reader, and numerous illustrations from the trustworthy camera fail not to do their part. One of the strangest characters of all the strange company is Hadje Mohamed of Luna Park, of whom there is no room here to speak further. The book's inviting appearance does not belie its character.

Mr. Earle Harrison's noteworthy autochrome photographs of the Panama Canal which were last summer reproduced in "Scribner's Magazine" are now shown in book form under the title, "The Panama Canal" (Moffat). Seventeen in number, the views convey an adequate impression of the wonders of this greatest of engineering achievements, and give also glimpses of the adjacent country, Gatun Lake, the Chagres River, and the vastness of the Culebra Cut. The book will gain rather than lose in interest and value when many of the scenes it shows shall have been forever shut out from view by the intruding waters. Few better examples of color-photography have been published.

Ten years have passed since the appearance of the first edition of Mr. Douglas Sladen's "Queer Things about Japan," and the book has since been twice re-issued. Now a fourth edition comes out, with an added chapter on the life of the late Japanese Emperor. Native artists illustrate the volume with pictures as characteristic and as guiltless of perspective as could be desired. The frontispiece is in color and gives a glimpse of rural Japan in cherry-blossom time. As a sketch-book of the humors and oddities of the people of Nippon, Mr. Sladen's volume is entertaining and apparently at the same time heedful of the truth. He has collected in his five hundred pages a goodly store of anecdote and observation, comment and description. (Dutton.)

#### HOLIDAY EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Mr. Keith Henderson's ten colored illustrations to the new holiday edition of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" (Putnam) have a vividness in their rural hues that emphasizes the fact that this is a picture of primitive country life,— "a rural painting of the Dutch school" the author styled it in his sub-title. It is nearly forty-two years since this earliest pronounced success of Mr. Hardy's—or, more accurately, one of his earliest successes—made its appearance, and it has lost none of its excellence with time. Miss Fancy Day, the heroine, "as nate a little figure of fun as ever I see, and just husband-high," is as charming as ever, and the bucolic humor of the tale is still unsurpassed. The book's wide-margined and clearly-printed pages are irresistibly inviting.

Nothing short of splendid is the form in which "Poems from Leaves of Grass" (Dutton), illustrated in color by Miss Margaret C. Cook, is presented to the reader. The book is a quarto of two hundred and sixty pages, its typography and paper beyond criticism, its cover design an appropriate representation of grass blades and heads in gilt on a green background, and its two dozen large colored plates catching the mood of the poet without becoming so realistic as to offend. Whitman's poems must be reproduced here in greater part—a brief comparison will easily determine the omissions—and a more elaborate reproduction could not reasonably be desired. An ornate and serviceable box, with hinged cover, encloses the book.

"The Gathering of Brother Hilarius," by the late author of "The Roadmender," best known by her pen name of "Michael Fairless," reappears this season in a handsome holiday edition, with eight sympathetic illustrations by Miss Eleanor F. Brickdale. The book teaches the lesson that one must suffer and be tempted and overcome temptation before one can attain fulness of life and spiritual peace. Hilarius, a young novice, yielding suddenly one day to the promptings of youth and the lure of the road passing the monastery gate, ventures forth a little way and meets a dancing girl who laughs at him for never having known either hunger or love. But the meaning of these words he learns full well somewhat later when, after confessing his escapade, he is sent forth into the world by the prior and meets with sundry adventures that serve to test the stuff he is made of. His final return to the monastery, his rare skill as a limner, his good works as prior, his death, and his "gathering" to his last long rest, are beautifully told. (Dutton.)

A new edition of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" (Little, Brown & Co.), with an introduction by Mr. A. C. Vroman, who gives the history of the writing of the story and correctly places its scene, is among the more important reprints of the season. Conflicting reports as to the scene of the famous incidents of the romance have long been current, to the confusion of tourists, and Mr. Vro-

man's carefully-studied paper on the subject is far from superfluous. He has also provided the book with twenty-four views from his own photographs, and Mr. Henry Sandham supplies appropriate drawings for the chapter-headings. The work is issued as two volumes in one, artistically bound and neatly boxed.

The handy form, the good paper, the clear though not large type, and especially the sixteen colored illustrations by Mr. Christopher Clark, make the Crowell Company's new edition of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" a desirable one to possess. The author's preface to the first and that to the sixth edition are reprinted. A pleasing scene, showing the hero and heroine literally *tête-à-tête*, adorns the cover; a similarly ornamented wrapper is provided, and the whole is neatly boxed.

#### HOLIDAY ART BOOKS.

One of the most sumptuous of the season's art books is a thin quarto devoted to the life and work of Charles Conder, a young English artist who died some four years ago. Although he worked constantly in oils, and attempted lithography and etching, Conder's forte lay in water-color drawing on silk. In this field, more especially in his designs for fans, he achieved a very high reputation. His fans, as Mr. Charles Ricketts has said, will some day be considered classics. Here his poetic imagination and exquisite sense of color reached their fullest expression, with results that are often strongly reminiscent of Watteau. Mr. Frank Gibson contributes an account of Conder's life and work, and a descriptive catalogue of his lithographs and etchings is supplied by Mr. Campbell Dodgson. The greater part of the volume, however, is given over to illustrative features. Besides a photogravure portrait of the artist, there are considerably more than a hundred full-page reproductions of his work, including eleven fine color-plates. In all matters of external appearance, the publishers (Lane) have given the volume an irreproachable setting. Conder himself would have rejoiced in the beautiful cover and end-leaves.

A splendid souvenir of the art of those Russian dancers who have lately performed so acceptably in Germany, France, England, and America, is presented in Mr. A. E. Johnson's finely-illustrated quarto on "The Russian Ballet" (Houghton). An introductory historical sketch of the ballet opens the book, seventeen pantomimes, tableaux, reveries, and similar pieces performed by Russian dancers are described and illustrated, and the final chapter is devoted to that queen of the ballet, Mlle. Anna Pavlova. Mr. René Bull admirably catches the spirit of Russian stage dancing in his vivid illustrations in color and his equally pleasing line drawings. Bound in white and gold, and artistically boxed, the book takes an important place among recent works of like character.

No English celebrity, not of the royal family, can count on being spared by Mr. Max Beerbohm in his quest of subjects for the exercise of his talent as

the cleverest of present-day caricaturists; and even foreign notables find themselves included in his album of laughable portraits and made the involuntary promoters of international gayety. "Fifty Caricatures by Max Beerbohm" (Dutton) is a book to dispel the blues, being a collection of half a hundred of the artist's most characteristic extravaganzas in portraiture. Politics, literature, society, high finance, reformed spelling, with much else beside (but not including woman suffrage, for some unknown reason), are represented in the mirth-provoking figures that enliven the book. One notable drawing shows us Hilda Lessways upbraiding the author of her being for compelling her and Clayhanger to remain on public exhibition for so protracted and indefinite a period. Clayhanger, with an injured look, stands in the background. The cover-design pictures John Bull in amusing guise.

Eugène Fromentin's book of art criticism, "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," produced near the end of his life, almost forty years ago, comes out in a good English translation entitled "The Masters of Past Time" (Dutton), with four reproductions in color, and twice as many in half-tone, from those masters. It is with the Dutch and the Flemish schools that the book deals, and its method is thus explained by the author: "I shall merely describe, in the presence of certain pictures, the effects of surprise, pleasure, astonishment, and no less exactly of disappointment, which they happened to cause me." Rubens, Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Van Dyck, Paul Potter, Terburg, Ruysdael, Cuyp—these are naturally treated at some length by the artist-author, through whose eyes it is pleasant and instructive to view the masterpieces of Dutch and Flemish art. The translator modestly withholds his name.

The art of the Cubists, "the joy of the mad, the despair of the sane," is amusingly and very cleverly satirized in verse and drawing by Mr. and Mrs. Earl Harvey Lyall in the oddest little color book of the season, "The Cubies' A B C" (Putnam). Mrs. Lyall writes the verses, Mr. Lyall cubically illustrates them. The book must be seen and read to be appreciated, but here is a sample of its literary style (its artistic quality defies description):

"A is for Art in the Cubies' domain—

(Not the Art of the Ancients, brand-new are the Cubies.)

Archipenko's their guide, Anatomics their bane;

They're the joy of the mad, the despair of the sane,

(With their emerald hair and their eyes red as rubies.)

—A is for Art in the Cubies' domain."

A little book designed to awaken a primary interest in some of the great artists and their paintings is Miss Effie Seachrest's "Legendary Lore and Peeps at Pictures," in which Raphael, Reynolds, Nicholas Maes, Puvion de Chavannes, Boutet de Monvel, and a few others, are briefly and simply treated, with accompanying prints, in miniature, of some of their more celebrated paintings. The story element is made prominent, and the book ought to interest young readers (though one never can tell beforehand), who will at least enjoy its pictures. "The



Crafters" of Kansas City publish the little volume in unusual and attractive form.

#### MISCELLANEOUS HOLIDAY BOOKS.

The recent death of that industrious and enthusiastic antiquary and historian, Stephen Jenkins, adds a melancholy interest to his last work, "The Old Boston Post Road" (Putnam), which traces with an ample accompaniment of historical comment the oldest and most northerly of the mail routes connecting New York and Boston in colonial times. By this route, *via* New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester, a monthly mail was established in 1673, "the first mail upon the continent of America," as the author declares. The plan of the book is similar to that of "The Greatest Street in the World," from the same pen, the notes and comments and pictorial illustrations being of the most copious and variously interesting sort. About a third of the volume is devoted to the route from New York to the Connecticut line, in the region of the author's home and most painstaking researches; but no part of the road is slighted, and the account runs to nearly four hundred and fifty octavo pages. Pictures, maps, bibliography, and index are all fittingly supplied. Especially noteworthy are the two hundred well-chosen illustrations from both early and later sources.

"Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes" is the arresting title of a handsome and otherwise remarkable volume, the joint work of Professor William Alexander Lambeth, of the University of Virginia, and Mr. Warren H. Manning, landscape-designer, of Boston. Monticello and the university that Jefferson helped to found are made the objects of expert scrutiny in determining, so far as may be, how much the allied arts of architecture and landscape-design owe to the versatile third president of our country. Letters and other documents from his hand, some of them reproduced in facsimile, help to establish his claim to our admiration for his skill in the arts here referred to. Palladio, who gave inspiration to Inigo Jones, was also, it seems, a stimulus to Jefferson; but the distinguishing blemishes of Palladio's style were avoided by his Virginian disciple, whose conceptions, we are assured, "became increasingly refined and classical." The authors of the book have pursued their researches with enthusiasm, and what they have to say is presented in convincing form. The work is handsomely issued in a limited edition, with many plates and other illustrative accessories, and with a beautiful cover-design showing the front elevation of Monticello. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Appropriately supplementary to Mr. Stanton Davis Kirkham's "East and West," of recent date, is his similar volume entitled "North and South" (Putnam) — an intensive rather than extensive study of nature in a few chosen places of the higher and the lower latitudes of our broad country, all enlivened with a genial humor and embellished with innumerable views of field and forest and rippling

stream. No small part of the joy of such outings as Mr. Kirkham delights in is depicted in these words of his: "But at Pine Bank I throw off this yoke of tyranny and am not concerned about the dinner or the vagaries of the cook, or even the style of my coat, since bacon and potatoes and beans are as constant and as dependable as day and night, and a flannel shirt is always the fashion." Mr. Kirkham is a close and loving student of nature.

An album of fine views and plans of "The Old Halls and Manor Houses of Yorkshire" (Scribner), with a sufficiency of descriptive text, is presented by Mr. Louis Ambler, who confesses himself embarrassed with an excess of riches in choosing examples for his book. Only houses built before 1700 have been selected, and those built for defense, and therefore having the nature of castles, are excluded. Ninety-one plates from photographs taken especially for this work by Mr. Horace Dan, architect, and others, with twenty plates of measured drawings and numerous illustrations in the text, adorn the royal octavo, which is sumptuously bound in green and gilt. Mr. Ambler is himself an architect, and his book will appeal especially to those of his profession. The illustrations are remarkably good, often strikingly beautiful.

Miss Helene A. Guerber, a practiced hand at such work, has gathered into one compact volume brief outlines of the world's great epics, including those of Asia as well as of Europe, and closing with a short chapter on American productions of an epic quality. "The Book of the Epic" (Lippincott) has an introduction by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, sixteen reproductions of famous paintings and old prints, and a full index of names. In the right hands it will serve as a powerful promoter of a love of what is best in the great department of literature that it discusses. A simple, straightforward, narrative style has been adopted by the author, whose success in packing so much excellent matter into so small space is to be commended.

Descriptive of the French capital from Cæsar's time to the present, Mrs. Mabel S. C. Smith's "Twenty Centuries of Paris" (Crowell) is a convenient and readable handbook for those who wish to know the wonderful city in a topographical-historical way. Old prints and modern photographs contribute to the illustration of the book, a folding map of the city is inserted, and genealogical tables of the kings of France down to the Revolution, with a chronological list of the subsequent heads of the nation, are appended. It is a fascinating theme that the author has chosen, and she draws occasionally on the poets to heighten the charm. Her closing chapter on "Paris of To-day" has a self-denying brevity that speaks well for the writer's ability to hold her superabundance of material well in hand from the beginning. The book is handsomely bound, and its large type refreshes the eye.

The fifth of the so-called "Sayings of Jesus" that were discovered six years ago written on a fragment of papyrus is the theme of Dr. Henry van Dyke's

poetic apologue, "The Toiling of Felix" (Scribner). After long and devout search the saintly Felix found Jesus in the humble toil of a quarry-man, thus proving the truth of the saying, "Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I." Colored plates by Mr. Herbert Moore illustrate the poem, and decorative designs by Mr. Edward B. Edwards border the pages and illuminate the cover. It is a beautiful legend, beautifully told, and finely suited to the Christmas season.

Designed in the style made familiar by its publishers, Messrs. Paul Elder & Co., a stout volume with numerous pictures from photographs, and bearing the title, "The Old Spanish Missions of California," conducts the reader through the more or less ruinous remains of the twenty-one religious establishments that testify to the zeal of Spain in carrying the Christian faith to our southwestern aborigines. The mission of San Diego de Alcalá was founded in 1769, that of San Francisco Solano in 1823; and between these years the starting of the other missions took place at short intervals. Mr. Paul Elder supplies brief historical and descriptive sketches to accompany the many fine illustrations, and quotes freely from other writers, both in prose and verse. The book is artistic in design, and a pleasing contribution to the literature that has grown up about these picturesque old mission houses.

The identity of "George A. Birmingham" being now revealed, he is to be spoken of by reviewers as Rev. James Owen Hannay, though his delightful pictures of Irish life will always be associated with the more familiar pen-name in his readers' minds. "Irishmen All" (Stokes) is much after the manner of last year's book by the same author, "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," being a collection of twelve character sketches of officials, country gentlemen, farmers, squires, priests, the exile from Erin, the "minister," and, lastly, the young lady and the young gentleman in business. Each of the twelve selected types is graphically and chromatically exhibited by Mr. Jack B. Yeats, R.H.A., as well as painted in words by the author. The appropriate green binding is protected by a wrapper on which is pictured the priest going the rounds of his parish.

"The Changing Year" (Crowell) is an excellent anthology of nature verse compiled by Mr. John R. Howard. It departs from the usual and the expected method of such compilations in not following the order of the seasons, but in grouping its selections under headings denoting aspects and moods. Thus, "Light and Shadow," "Sky and Air," "Man's Fellow Creatures," "The Mighty Heart," are some of its section-titles. The realm of English and American poetry has been searched for suitable selections, and an occasional poet of alien tongue is represented in translation. An index of authors and titles, and one of first lines, with a brief introduction and a hauntingly beautiful winter scene as frontispiece, complete the equipment of the little book, which is tastefully bound and boxed.

Mr. Walt Mason, favorably known to magazine-readers as a writer of prose-verse, or jingles in the form of prose, is the author of a lively and amusing book entitled, "Rippling Rhymes" (McClurg), wherein are collected about a hundred pieces, new compositions and reprints, on all sorts of timely themes, and enjoying the distinguished sponsorship of our Secretary of State, who writes a heartily commendatory introduction. Mr. D. S. Groesbeck contributes half a dozen clever drawings in harmony with the spirit of the volume, which bears a medallion portrait of the author on its cover, and is otherwise embellished. As a sample of Mr. Mason's style, we quote: "Be kind to the umpire who bosses the game, whose doom is too frequently sealed; it serves no good purpose to camp on his frame, and strew him all over the field." One might do worse than read good verse set up in the form of prose; 'tis not its look makes the poetry-book, nor its name that makes the rose.

Mr. Berton Braley's "Sonnets of a Suffragette" (Browne & Howell Co.) is timely in its theme and tuneful in its smoothly-flowing verse. "Rollicking" is perhaps a better adjective to apply to the lively bits of rhyme gathered together in the little volume, which contains, beside the pieces indicated in the title, sundry love sonnets of a manicure, love lyrics of a shop girl, and love lyrics of a chauffeur. An almost enviable command of colloquialisms, great dexterity in their manipulation in verse, and a fertile invention, are evident on every page of the lively little book. It is certainly calculated to dispel care, smooth the ruffled brow, and induce a mirthful state of mind befitting the season.

The gently satirical, pleasingly whimsical, not too boisterously comical muse of Mr. Bert Leston Taylor, the "B. L. T." of the Chicago "Tribune," will be enjoyed by readers of his "Motley Measures," a volume of modest proportions and not making promise of more than it can carry out. Most of the verses have already seen the light in the "Tribune," but will stand the strain of reprinting. We especially welcome the neat little skit entitled "Bygones: Lines Inspired by a View of the Cubist Paintings, Followed by a Late Supper." But the whole book is a capital smile-generator. The author's portrait appears as frontispiece. The Laurentian Publishers, of Chicago, issue the book.

That an excellent anthology of poetry and prose on the pleasures of open-air life can be made even with the omission of more than one eminent writer in that domain, is proved by Mr. John Richardson, the compiler of a handy and attractive volume entitled "In the Garden of Delight" (Caldwell). In all the wealth of its well-chosen contents we find nothing from Thoreau, nothing from Bryant but a line printed under the frontispiece, nothing from Whitman or Gilbert White or Richard Jefferies. But we do find enough, and more than enough, to warrant commendation of the book, which is tastefully made, with a delicately beautiful colored plate facing the title-page, and a pleasing cover design.

A wholesome Christmas story, with an obvious but not too obtrusive moral, comes from the pen of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright. "The Stranger at the Gate" (Macmillan) relates sundry interesting experiences of the Vance family and of a rather mysterious Dr. Amunde who is engaged in a study of "the modern spirit of Christmas as it is lived in the homes of our best eastern civilization." Interwoven with the narrative is the moving account of old Ira Vance's long-delayed success as an inventor, and the founding of the firm of "Ira & Elizabeth Vance & Son." A happy ending suitably and satisfyingly closes the pleasant story. A colored frontispiece and occasional decorative designs in green contribute to the book's attractive appearance.

A pleasing and useful desk accessory takes the shape of a neatly encased "Hourly Reminder," in which each day of the year has a leaf to itself with blank lines for every hour from nine in the morning to ten at night. Engagements are to be written on these lines and each leaf detached when it has performed its office. Apt quotations and notes of historic events are supplied, as is also an appendix of useful information. Two styles of case are offered, in "leatherette" and in Spanish morocco. (W. N. Sharpe Co.)

Nine Christmas tales for the young in heart call for commendatory mention, but must receive less than their due of critically appreciative comment. "The Lady of the Lighthouse" (Doran), by Mrs. Lewis B. Woodruff, justifies its pleasingly alliterative title by showing, in the form of a bright and sunshiny story, how light may be brought into the lives of the blind. At the same time it is a Christmas story of unusual quality.—"The Three God-fathers" (Doran) carries the reader to a very different environment, the plains of Arizona. The author is Mr. Peter B. Kyne, and he tells the story of a Christmas baby in such a manner as to hold the attention at the same time that it teaches a lesson.—"Finding His Soul" (Harper), by Mr. Norman Duncan, tells how James Falcontent, of the business house of Groat & McCarthy, beheld a vision in the hills of Bethlehem, and found his soul and was at peace. Illustrations help to make vivid the moving tale.—"Next Christmas" (Browne & Howell Co.) Mr. Byron E. Veatch relates briefly and effectively how a hardened business man is at last led to return from the West to his boyhood home in New Hampshire, where he finds his old-time sweetheart still waiting for him, and the two are married.—Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon chronicles in her own bright way "The Luck o' Lady Joan" (Browne & Howell Co.), in which a poor tinker's daughter is adopted by an old miser, marries his grandson, and so, all in good time, attains prosperity and also happiness. A frontispiece depicts the marriage scene, and the cover shows Joan at her spinning-wheel.—"A Christmas When the West Was Young" (McClurg), by Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, is the story of a young couple who remove from New England to the far

West, build themselves a log cabin forty miles from the nearest settlement, have a child born to them, and see it taken from them by death two days before Christmas. But on Christmas day, through a stirring and rather fearful series of events, another child finds itself under their care and claiming their love, which is given, after some hesitation; and so the peace and joy of the season are still in a measure theirs. Drawings and decorations enrich the little book, which is ornamentally bound and boxed.—"Under the Christmas Stars" (Double-day) depicts an old-fashioned family gathering at Christmas time under the family roof at North Estabrook, where John Fernald and his wife welcome their numerous progeny, including sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and grand-children, and Christmas merry-making rises to high-water mark. The latest addition to the family, through marriage, is somewhat snubbed as being "a wild and woolly Westerner," but she proves herself the heroine of the occasion. How she does it should be read in the very words of the author, Miss Grace S. Richmond. It is an unusual plot. Alice Barber Stephens illustrates the book, which also has marginal decorations and other artistic embellishments.—An amusing and pathetic tale of the reunion of an aged husband and wife, who had been settled in different homes of the family circle, but at last determined to elope back to the little old house where they had formerly been happy, is told in Mrs. Caroline Abbot Stanley's Yuletide romance, "Their Christmas Golden Wedding" (Crowell), which is illustrated in color.—"The Christmas Bishop" (Small, Maynard & Co.), by Miss Winifred Kirkland, shows us a generous-hearted dignitary of the Church endeavoring on the last day of his life, which happens to be Christmas, to reconcile an unforgiving woman to her daughter-in-law, to make a fashionable clergyman adopt a simple and sincere life amongst the poor, and a lonely rich woman win happiness by helping the clergyman in the proposed good work. How far he succeeded the book will tell. It is illustrated by Miss Louise G. Morrison.

#### NOTES.

Mr. Dean C. Worcester has in preparation an extended work on the Philippines, which the Macmillan Co. will publish during the winter.

A new volume of verse by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, entitled "The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems," will be published immediately by the John Lane Co.

An addition to the list of Houghton Mifflin books, to be published at once, is Mr. Arthur Grant's "In the Old Paths," a series of essays recreating some of the great scenes of literature.

One of the earliest novels of the new year will be "Idonia: A Romance of Old London," by Mr. Arthur F. Wallis, a new English writer. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are the publishers.

This is the last holiday season in which we shall have one of the late Andrew Lang's famous fairy books. This



year's volume, the twenty-fifth of the series, is entitled "The Strange Fairy Book." Like most of its predecessors, it is illustrated in color, etc., by Mr. H. J. Ford.

Mr. George Middleton has written a new three-act play entitled "Nowadays," which Messrs. Holt will publish early in the new year. It is described as a comedy of family life and feminism.

Mr. Charles Welsh, who has for many years made a special study of literature for the young, is engaged on a volume of "Studies in the History of Children's Literature," which will be published early next year.

"The Poetical Works of William Blake," edited, with introduction and textual notes, by Mr. John Sampson, is soon to be added to the "Oxford Poets." The volume includes the unpublished "French Revolution."

Professor Frederic A. Ogg, whose *Life of Daniel Webster* is promised for publication early in January by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co., has recently been selected to deliver a course of lectures on Contemporary Government and Politics under the auspices of the Inter-collegiate Commission on Extension Courses, in Boston.

The December number of "Poetry" contains six narrative poems by the Bengal poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who has recently been awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. Mr. Tagore's work was introduced to American audiences by "Poetry" in the December number of last year. These new poems have been translated from the Bengali by the author expressly for this publication, and they are said to represent a new phase of his work.

According to the London "Nation," we are to have a book upon art by Rodin. It seems that for a long time past the famous sculptor has been in the habit of jotting down notes about his own art, the art of the past, and his general views of aesthetics. These are now to be edited for publication by Rodin in collaboration with Mr. Warrington Dawson, an American writer whom he has known for several years. The book is to appear in French early next year, and will be promptly followed by an English translation.

A collection of three plays by the Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler, in an English translation by Mr. Horace B. Samuel, is announced by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. So far Schnitzler is known to English-speaking readers and playgoers chiefly through Mr. Granville Barker's adaptation of his series of episodes entitled "Anatol." The three plays to be issued in this volume, "The Green Cockatoo," "The Mate," and "Paracelsus," however, give the English reader excellent opportunity to estimate Schnitzler at his true value.

High on the list of the really important American magazines of a serious character stand the quarterlies which appear under the auspices of certain of our universities. They come nearer than any other periodicals to satisfying the wants of the educated reader, just as those wants are satisfied in England by the great monthlies and quarterlies. We have no magazines worthier of support, or better repaying their modest subscription price, than "The Sewanee Review," "The South Atlantic Quarterly," and "The Yale Review," to which list must now be added "The Mid-West Quarterly," which comes from the University of Nebraska. Mr. P. H. Frye is the editor, and the contents of the initial (October) number are of rich and varied interest. The magazine offers its hospitality to writers from all sections of the country. The Messrs. Putnam give it their imprint.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 166 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

### HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS.

- Poems from Leaves of Grass.** By Walt Whitman; illustrated in color by Margaret C. Cook. 4to, 260 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6. net.
- As It Is in England.** By Albert B. Osborne. Illustrated, large 8vo, 304 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. \$3. net.
- French Canada and the St. Lawrence: Historic, Picturesque and Descriptive.** By J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 431 pages. John C. Winston Co. \$3. net.
- The Soul of Paris, and other Essays.** By Verner Z. Reed; illustrated by Ernest C. Peixotto. 8vo, 178 pages. John Lane Co. \$2.50 net.
- The Gathering of Brother Hilarius.** By Michael Fairless; illustrated in color by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. 8vo, 142 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Highways and Byways in the Border.** By Andrew Lang and John Lang. Illustrated. 8vo, 439 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.
- London: An Intimate Picture.** By Henry James Forman. Illustrated, large 8vo, 216 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Japan As I Saw It.** By A. H. Exner. Illustrated, 8vo, 259 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.50 net.
- Queer Things about Japan.** By Douglas Sladen. Fourth edition; illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 443 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.
- The Booklover's London.** By A. St. John Adcock; illustrated by Frederick Adcock. 12mo, 324 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.
- Motley Measures.** By Bert Leston Taylor. With portrait, 12 mo, 124 pages. Chicago: Laurentian Publishers. 75 cts. net.
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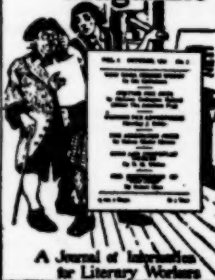
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